The Bystander, November 17, 1920. No. 885. Vol. LXVIII.

The BYSTANDER

BY E. T. REED

BALFOURIANA

Some Jottings by one E. T. R. on another E. T. R.

(Mr. E. T. Raymond's "Mr. Balfour: A Biography")

ENTERTAINMENTS

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

November 11

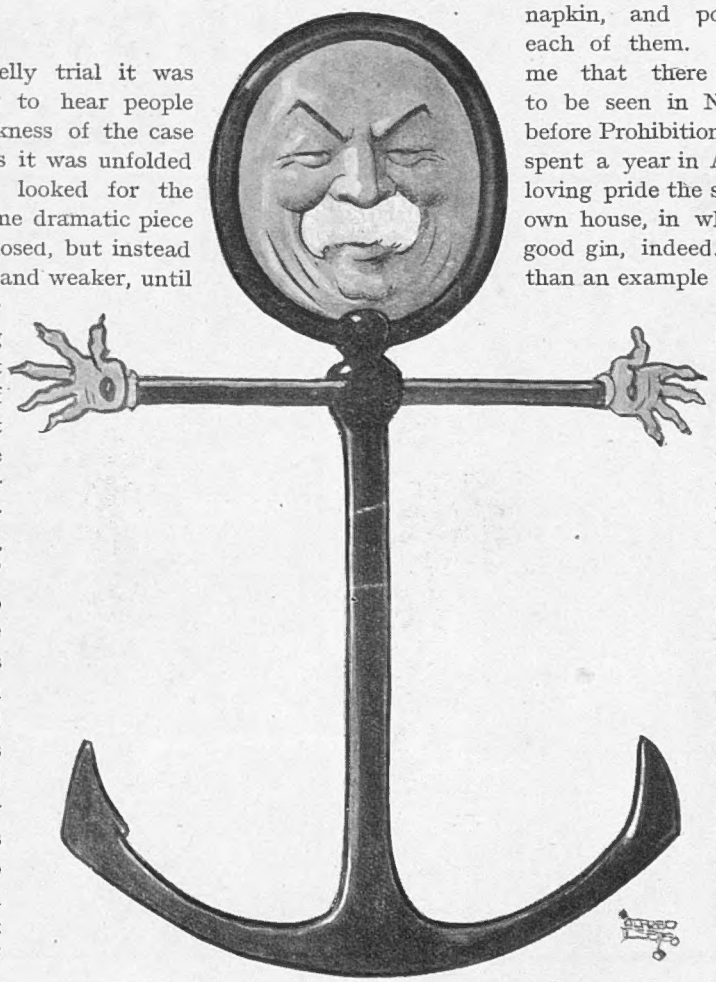
THE Empty Grave and the Full Heart: that sums up the impressive ceremony of the Cenotaph, which sent all to Whitehall to pay homage to the Unknown Warrior. To have buried him beneath the Cenotaph, as somebody suggested, would have been a sheer contradiction of the original meaning of the word. The Cenotaph is no grave: its very emptiness fortifies us in the fervent belief of the little boy in *The Blue Bird*—"There *is* no Death!" The Warrior is the symbol of what War has become. We used to wonder that the Armageddon had produced no outstanding General, no supreme Admiral. It couldn't. By the very circumstances of the case the Cæsars, the Napoleons, the Hindenburgs were all at a discount; the "unity of command" dispute covered up our own poverty, and the troubles over the Jutland despatches only emphasises it for the sea. It was Every man—the "common" sailor, the "common" soldier—and every woman for that matter, who won the War. And on Armistice Day Every man in street and factory gave up two precious minutes to silent gratitude for sacrifices not made in vain.

The Greenwood Trial

DURING the Kidwelly trial it was a common thing to hear people wondering at the weakness of the case for the prosecution as it was unfolded day by day. Many looked for the sudden springing of some dramatic piece of evidence before it closed, but instead of that it grew weaker and weaker, until counsel practically abandoned it, pleading that if poison had not been given by means of the bottle of wine it might have been in the brandy, the medicine or tea. To try a man for his life on such a "might have been" was not creditable to British justice. *The Times* in its leader was none too strong when it said, "We marvel that the indictment was ever proceeded with, and that the Director of Public Prosecutions had the temerity to put Mr. Greenwood in the dock." That official has only himself to blame if people are suggesting that the police, irritated by complaints of their failure to make arrests after recent murders, were over-anxious to secure a conviction as some sort of a justification of themselves. I have heard many saying that Mr. Greenwood should be substantially recompensed. That opens a difficult question.

Prohibition

DOES Prohibition in the United States provide us with an example or a warning? Here is the first-hand information I have happened across in the past week alone. I asked a distinguished Englishman of letters who has just returned after a visit of seven or eight weeks, "How about Prohibition?" He replied, "I did not come across it." He had spent his time chiefly in the palaces of the great. Another well-known Londoner, who had spent some weeks in closer contact with the general world, said, "It's beastly." He did not complain of not being able to get a drink, but objected to the methods. Pay the price and you can get the drink, but it is camouflaged in tea or coffee cups, or some other way objectionable to a free-born man At dinner in a well-known club in New York, his host ordered two plain sodas. Then, after carefully looking round, he produced a flask, hid it in his napkin, and poured out whisky for each of them. A third man assured me that there is more drunkenness to be seen in New York streets than before Prohibition. A fourth, who has just spent a year in America, described with loving pride the still he had set up in his own house, in which he made "a very good gin, indeed." More of a warning than an example here, methinks!



"HOPE": THE P.M.'s LATEST PORTRAIT By Alfred Leete

Bolshevism at the Albert Hall

OUR Bolshies ought really to be made to do their speechifying where that sort of thing has come to be regarded as a more or less harmless form of Sunday afternoon amusement. Hyde Park is the place for them. Music and dancing and patriotic meetings are what we look for in the Albert Hall. In time, some of us may not care to go there for these entirely harmless and praiseworthy purposes, if the place is to become identified with disloyalty and

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

Bolshevism. A man is known by the company he keeps, says the old proverb. Well, to a very great extent so is a place.

Our Young Artists

OF late I hear increasing complaints amongst the younger and less-known artists of the difficulty they have in letting their light shine before men and women, and giving the art critics a chance of seeing their good works. The recognised exhibitions are few, and they stand little chance of being shown in them. It is impossible for the Art critic professionally to visit individual studios. To select a few would be invidious; to visit all, impossible. A "one man show," or even a combined show, for a week or so in one of the recognised galleries is practically impossible for the majority of these younger artists. These galleries are few and much occupied. I heard of an artist this week, a young and clever man, very anxious to submit to public criticism such an amount of his work as would make that criticism valuable. One gallery was available in the near future—at a cost of £125, and 25 per cent. commission on everything sold. The £125 barred the project. I suppose artists are not very business-like people. Perhaps that is why they are, generally speaking, amongst the most charming. But with combination and a lead from some lovers of art with organising minds, something might be done. I hate to think of these Bolshevists in the Albert Hall, and our young artists compelled to hide their light under a bushel.

Margot and the Critics

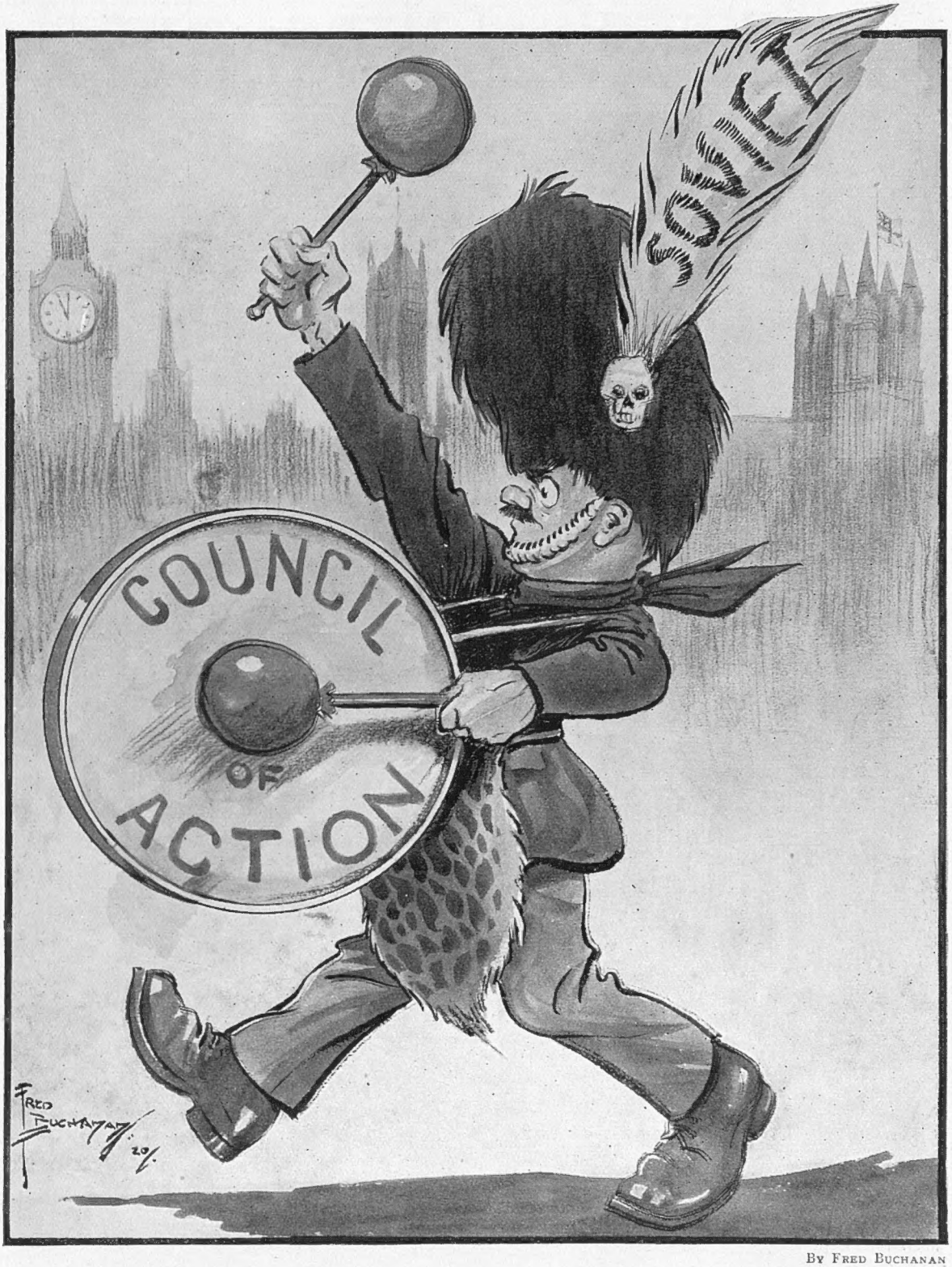
WELL, let us give honour where honour is due, and admit that Margot has been too much for the critics. They cannot plead that such a book as her Autobiography, demanding as it did immediate attention, was too much to tackle at a few day's notice. They had read its most important parts week by week in the *Sunday Times*. During those weeks most of them seem to have been sharpening their literary tomahawks. But not one of them succeeded in getting a good edge on. Margot's scalp is still intact so far as the critics are concerned. Some notable books have provoked equally notable reviews, which have been equal, as literature, to the books themselves. But not one of her critics, from the Minister for War down, and up, has written anything so good as any similar amount of the Autobiography. I wonder if they were afraid!

Egypt of To-Day

I SEE that a committee of Egyptians has been formed to arrange for the celebration of November 13 as the day commemorating the dawn of Egypt's independence. It seems extraordinary to me that the general public should take so little interest in what is going on in Egypt. Nowhere has this country done finer work in this last forty years than in Egypt, and nowhere is the continuance of that work more necessary. Anglo-Egyptians, of many years' experience, whom I have met recently declare that five years of native management will see a smash-up that will necessitate our stepping in again to set things right. These men honestly believe that the Egyptians have neither the ability nor the necessary political honesty to govern the country. They fear much injustice, too, to Englishmen now in the Egyptian service. These, apparently, are to be handed over to "the Egyptians" to retain or dismiss at their pleasure. None of them naturally looks forward to serving under "native" chiefs. The British do not.

THE LOOKER-ON

By W. E. Wigfull



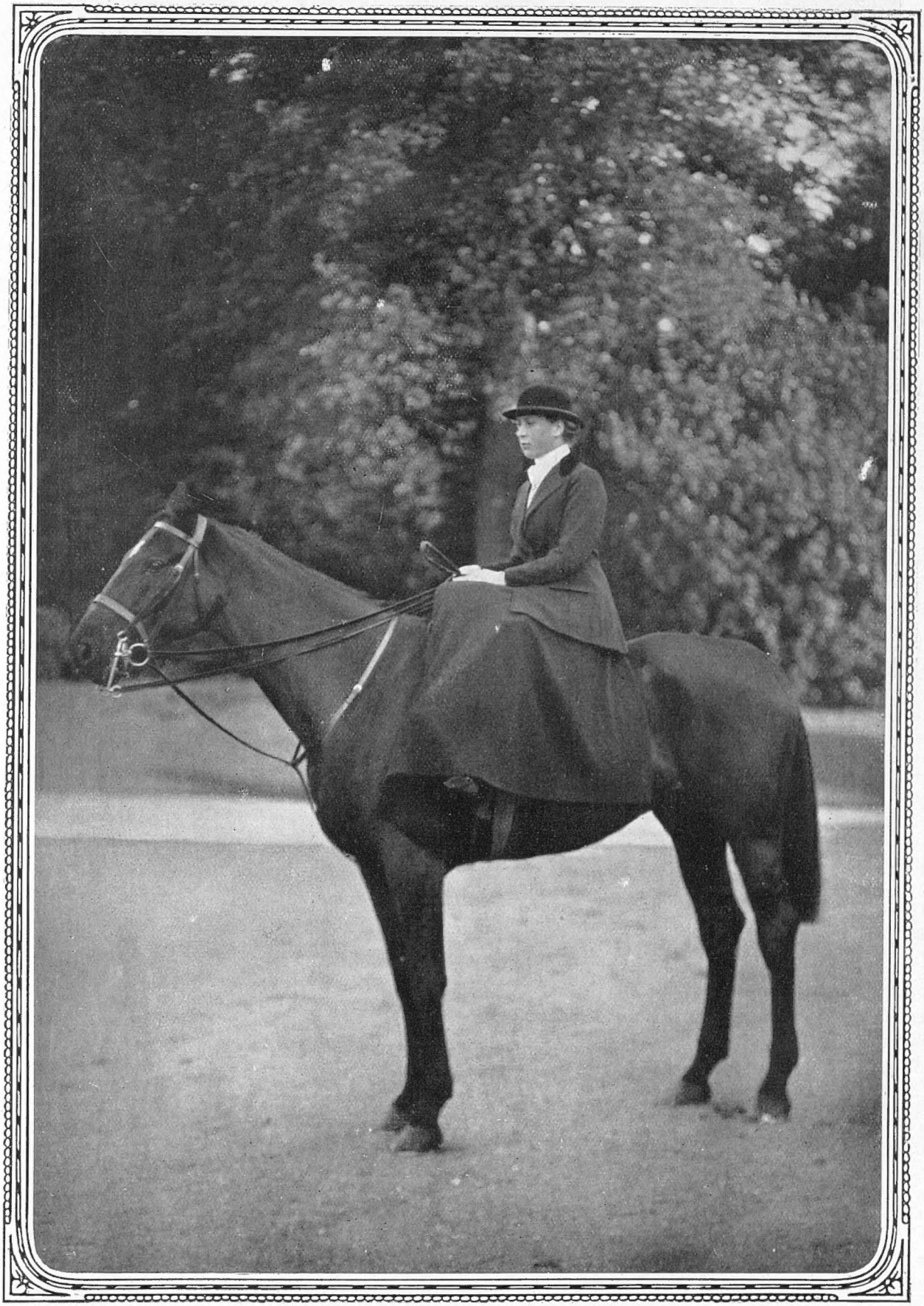
By Fred Buchanan

11 a.m. NOVEMBER 11, 1920: THE ONLY NOISE

To Every Man that Remains

Empty Purses and Full Hearts—in a different sense; that is the lot of too many men who in surviving Armageddon have found the battle of life at home almost as wearing as the battle with death abroad. I fancy some such thought must have been in the minds of a great many more people during the Great Silence than it was on the first Armistice Day, for Lord Haig, ever mindful of his comrades, has been reminding us constantly of the duty that the Nation owes to the men who saved it. It is perfectly true that you cannot make omelettes without smashing eggs, but the men who have come back have a right to claim first consideration in the restoration of normal life, and in the repiecing of our broken world. Many of them have borne their lot in great silence; but now the Heir Apparent himself has spoken on their behalf, they may well hope that they are not forgotten.

A Right Royal Horsewoman



Photograph *Russell and Sons*

H.R.H. PRINCESS MARY

A fine photograph of the Princess taken on horse-back in the grounds of York Cottage, Sandringham. It will be noted that Princess Mary does not ride astride, but prefers the old side-saddle seat

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The Family Feeling of Kings

THERE is a type of person across whom one stumbles pretty frequently in what is called Society—the person whom a witty woman once named "The Attributor." Whatever you, your next door neighbour, or the pretty woman over the way do, or don't do, it makes no difference to the "Attributor."

If you and the pretty woman from over the way happen to meet at the pillar-box and the "Attributor" is passing by—well, as far as he or she is concerned, you might just as well have met by assignation. If your next door neighbour is a countess-dowager, and her parrot, fleeing from a happy and coddled home, takes refuge in your meat-safe or bath-room, and you, with all neighbourly intent and kindness, return it in person to its broken-hearted mistress, can't you hear the "Attributor's" little, biting phrases, such as, "Scraping acquaintance," etc., etc.—and another etc. ?

The "Attributor" waxed large and horrible during the War. Neither victory nor peace have squelched his tongue, or his pen. His latest effort is one of those foolishnesses which seem to be believed because of their very foolishness and remoteness from the truth. We are gravely told—and with all the circumstance and weight of the printed word—that the visit of the King of Spain is actually for the purpose of furthering the trade interests of his country !

There is one thing the "Attributor" will never allow to kings and queens—that is any touch or glimmer of human feeling. The Queen of Spain was born an English princess. Every year before the War she and her husband paid a visit to her native country at this time of year, exactly as Mr. and Mrs. Snooks might spend a week or so of their annual holiday upon Mrs. Snooks's paternal farm.

Photograph *Topical Press*

THE DUKE OF YORK

Leaving the Mansion House at York on Wednesday last after lunching with the Mayor and Corporation. He had previously received the Freedom of York City

These private visits of members of our reigning family married to foreign potentates are made in the winter for the simple reason that official Court functions are thus avoided together with the consequent difficulty of precedence and arrangement of ceremonial.

Let us suppose that the present situation—the presence of the King and Queen of Spain and the Queen of Norway in London—occurred in June. If these Sovereigns were not invited to a Court international difficulties would arise. If they were invited immediately you would have all sorts of delicate questions as to precedence. This is the reason why such royal visitors pay visits to England out of the official Court season—and Mr. "Attributor" sits up and talks glibly of the "furtherance of commercial interests !" Not civil—only just silly.

Margot—Her Book

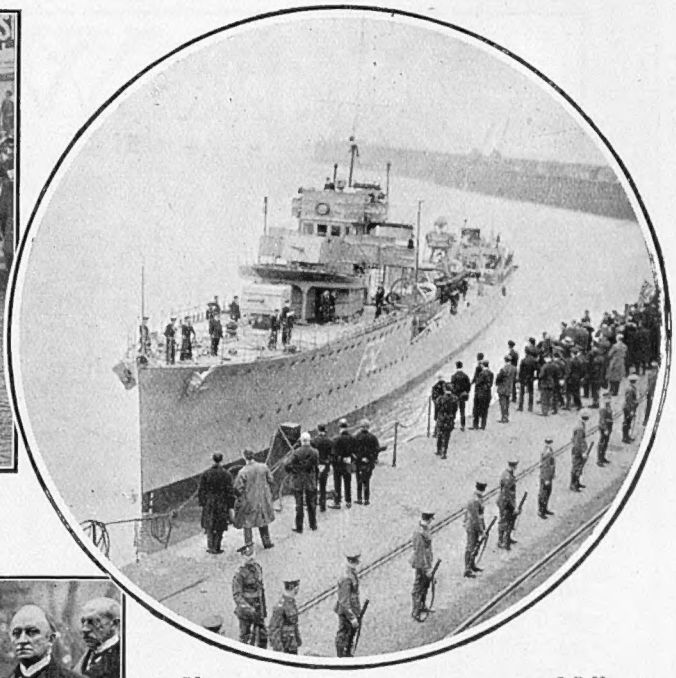
IN town and country there has been only one topic of conversation during the last week—Mrs. Asquith's book. It is years since there was such a clatter and chatter in the inner circles which *know*, and the outer circles which *don't* know, but pretend they do.

The book has had a curious effect. The severest critics of Mrs. Asquith in the flesh, both as the dazzling, dashing Margot Tennant and the wife of a Prime Minister, have been women. You rarely heard a man who had met her say one word in her *dénigrement*. As for the women ! Only notes of exclamation can express what they did say.

Photograph *L.N.A.*

AT BOULOGNE: MARSHAL FOCH

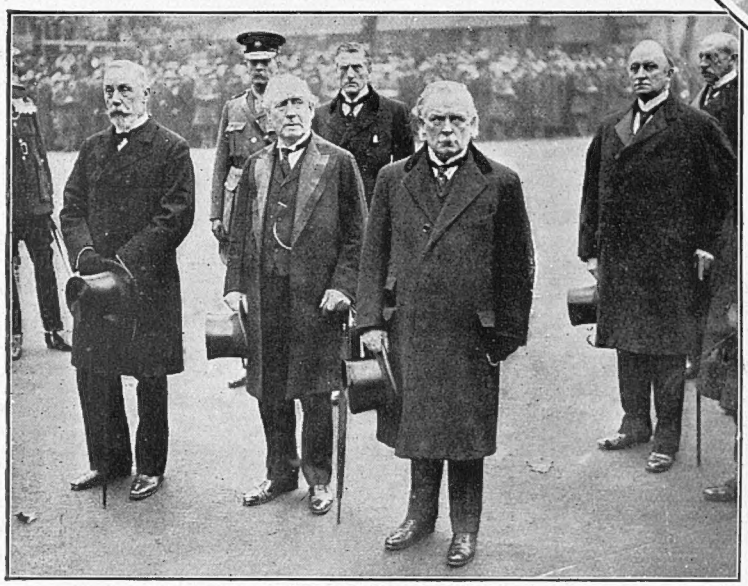
With Lieut.-General Sir George McDonogh marching in the procession behind the remains of the Unknown Warrior on the quay-side



Photograph *G.P.U.*

H.M.S. VERDUN ARRIVES AT DOVER

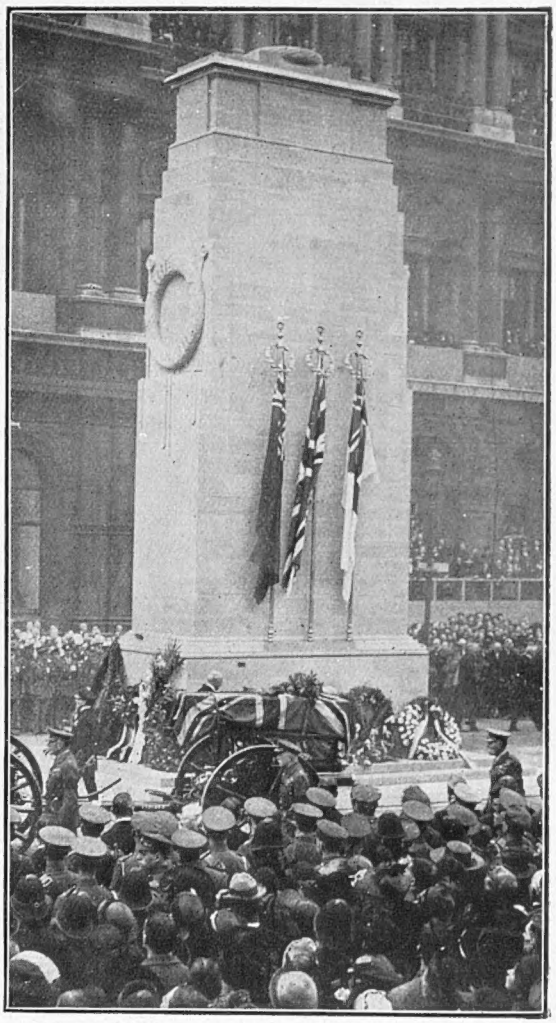
With the coffin containing the Unknown Warrior on board



Photograph *L.N.A.*

POLITICIANS HONOUR "THE UNKNOWN"

From left to right are: The Speaker, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Lloyd George and Earl Curzon, with Mr. Austen Chamberlain behind. They are standing behind the coffin in the procession



Photograph *G.P.U.*

"THE GREAT UNKNOWN"

Passing the Cenotaph in the procession to Westminster Abbey. Nearest the coffin are Lord French and Lord Methuen

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE (continued)

But the book has turned the tables. The men now are the stern critics. The majority of the women either say nothing or sympathise with the writer because of the railings and abuse that have fallen upon her. I heard a lady, whose name figures in the book, say on Sunday: "Most autobiographies are humbugs. We all know they don't tell the truth—that they are chocolate-box pictures, all pretty pretty. Margot Asquith was never a humbug, so she has written exactly as she saw, exactly as she felt." There was a silence; nobody spoke. Then the lady said, "Of course, Margot's point of view is not everybody's point of view. Perhaps it stands all by itself. But she has had the courage to give it to the world. If you disagree, why abuse her?"

The Whaddon Chase

All hunting folk hoped that the Whaddon Chase dispute would be settled last season. There was such definite reason to believe this that I remember telling you last year there was immediate hope of settlement. Alas! the quarrel drags on! The whole matter is so outside the *camaraderie*, the splendid fellowship of the hunting-field, that hunting folk who don't know the ins and outs of the matter are bewildered by what, on the surface, appears to be a violation of all hunting traditions.

The trouble all centres on

HIS MAJESTY THE KING
With the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York and Prince Henry walking in the Procession to the Abbey

one person who has been born at least a hundred years too late, and has archaic ideas about rank and birth.

Not as it used to be

IF you read the outpourings of certain dames in the evening papers you would believe that the West End of London is one solid mass of shopping, tea-fighting women. But the truth is the opposite story.

A friend of mine who lives in the country always comes to London at this time of year for a fortnight's shopping. You know—Xmas presents, gifts for the village Xmas Tree, winter dresses for herself and her daughters, winter stores, and all that sort of thing. At the end of the first week she told me she never remembered the big shops being so empty—no crush, no waiting as in past Novembers. One morning she went rather late to her dressmaker, and was told she was the second customer! And this a well-known house where formerly she had waited patiently in an

Photographs *L.N.A.*

HIS MAJESTY, CHIEF MOURNER
Places a wreath from himself and the Queen at the Cenotaph in Memory of the Glorious Dead

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE (concluded)

ante-room even when she had made an appointment.

It is the outside folk who see the inwardness of things. It wouldn't strike you or me, fixed, as we are, on the revolving wheel of London, and, therefore, not taking particular notice outside our own little beat, that there are fewer private motors in the streets. But the lady from the country made much point of this. The difference struck her, she said, every time she went out.

Signs of the Times

IT is not the ultra-rich who fill the shops. It is the folk of medium incomes. The pressure of taxation, increased rates, and the high cost of living are beginning to tell upon these. Hence the emptiness of shops that used to be crowded by the fairly well-to-do. Who was it said, "These things work themselves out"? I believe it was Mr. Lloyd George when he started his campaign against Dukes in his unregenerate days. The shops are finding this to be true—on the other side of the medal.

There can't be either fun or profit in having, say, a roll of cloth labelled fifteen or twenty guineas the suit standing in your window for months on end. The money you don't get doesn't pay rent, light, and labour. And when an old customer tells you that your prices are "Beyond my means and above my station"—a remark made by a Duke to a Bond Street hosier—you either have to adjust matters or go on cherishing goods unsaleable because of their high prices.

Between you and me and the tape-measure, I believe we shall soon see a huge drop in the prices of garments, male and female.

Photograph *G.P.U.*

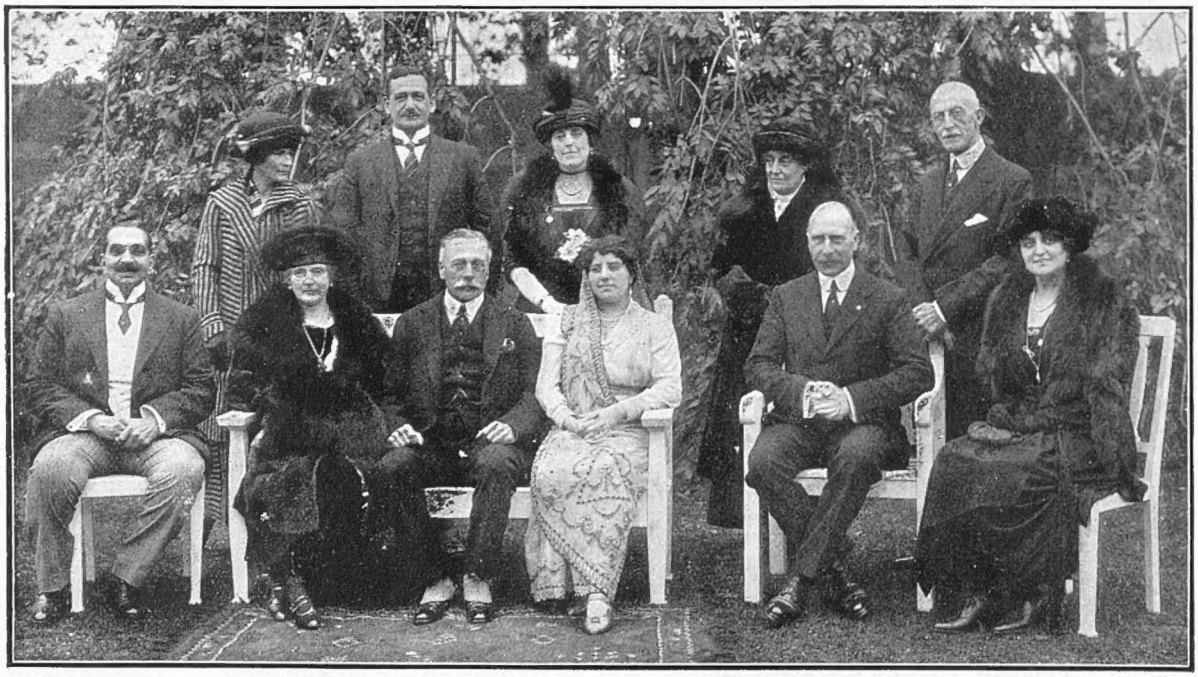
MR. CECIL BRASSEY AND HIS BRIDE

The Hon. Ivy Spencer, daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Churchill, leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, after their wedding last week. Mr. Brassey is in the 1st Life Guards

"The Boy's Energy"

I HEAR from one of the men who was on the *Renown* that the Prince of Wales's energy is practically inexhaustible. An hour of squash rackets in the tropics was always enough for any of his opponents. Not so the Prince. When one man had had enough he took on somebody else, and when that gentleman was disposed of would go and have a little game of punch-ball all by himself.

Armistice Day,
in all its aspects, will be fully described in
"The Graphic"
NEXT FRIDAY.



Photograph] **AT "THE WILLOWS," WINDSOR: A GROUP OF DISTINGUISHED GUESTS** *[Russell, Windsor*

At the home of Mr. and Mrs. Dhunjibhey Bemanji, of Bombay, who entertained 700 ex-service men, war widows and orphans to tea on this occasion. Left to right, back row: Lady Haig, Capt. Donald Simpson, Mrs. Cataret Carey, Lady Campbell, General Cataret Carey. Front row: Mr. Dhunjibhey Bemanji, Countess of Athlone, Earl Haig, Mrs. Bemanji, the Earl of Athlone and Lady Mary Crichton

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHETTE."

Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *November* 15

DEAR COUSIN—

HOW cross and viciously virtuous—have you ever noticed it?—some of us seem to get when November's here. I suppose it's the chill in the air, the clammy mists and fogs, the melancholy flutter earthwards of the last falling leaves, the growing blackness of everything, that makes (morally) snappy red-nosed spinsters of . . . well, not of us all, thank Heaven, but anyway of the less philosophic and easy-going among us—who after all are the ones that in the end make their presence most felt in this lethargic world.

SORT of kind of time for going Bolsh this, methinks, if any. And spite of the settlement of the coal strike, Labour for one certainly seems in a very Novemberish mood, ready to bark and bite at the slightest provocation — or none at all. Though not all of it, of course, is *quite* so "gingerite" (as they call it in South Wales) as the gallant band that at the Albert Hall last week (a day or two before the Victory Ball) hissed the King and boo-ed the late "victory of one set of Imperialists over another," and blessed "the British revolution," and talked gaily and gloatingly about lamp-posts for "those scurvy agents, George, Churchill, and Curzon!"

"Scotland still wet!"

WISEST of us, I suppose, to let these "rascals and rapscallions of mankind" as Winston calls them (all square, what?) just hand out the rough stuff, so to speak, *ad lib*, and even run propaganda and things in the schools, as they've been doing in Scotland, with lovely Labour lyrics for working-class infants like—

Class-conscious we are singing,
Class-conscious all are we,
For Labour now is digging
The grave of the Bour-geois-ie.

After which, who'll dare to say the Scotch (in Labour circles anyway) haven't got a sense of humour all of their own—as well as the sense to stay "wet."

PITY, really, that we can't make all the disgruntled ones join in the great rush to the Riviera, Rome, Egypt, anywhere in the sunny South, where, even in November dark and drear, the sun shines, and the skies are bright and blue. Only thing is (1) don't believe that kind of person ever *looks* at the sky, or knows the sun's shining except to grumble 'cos it's hot; (2) would be rather hard luck, wouldn't it, having them around, on those others who do realise and study the great philosophy of *carpe diem*?

WHO really appreciate those lovely soft lingering lines of James Elroy Flecker's:

'Tis ever sweet through pines to see the sky
Blushing a deeper gold or darker blue.
'Tis ever sweet to lie
On the dry carpet of the needles brown,
And though the fanciful green lizard stir
And windy odours light as thistledown
Breathe from the lavdanon and lavender,
Half to forget the wandering and pain,
Half to remember days that have gone by,
And dream and dream that I am home again!

HOME again! Rather amazing, isn't it, the longing of even this poet, responsively thrilling in every nerve to the call of beauty, to quit the Eastern joys that so enthral him just to see once more just the old quiet "meadows of England shining in the rain." Are we perhaps more fortunate, after all, we whom Fate or accident or the innumerable bonds of life keep fettered and enchained here in England now?

I WONDER. Perhaps. Anyway the fortunate ones southward bound somehow don't always seem to appreciate their better luck. "I am just bitterly homesick, Blanchette," writes one who is having a perfectly good pleasure trip out to Australia, "and have not felt cool for years. And *you* are sitting by a comfy fire, or helping to polish the floor at the dear old Grafton, and enjoying it. Fancy *enjoying* a dance! It really sounds quite funny." And then a few days later, from the same: "We have had a perfectly *beastly* trip through the Great Australian

"Great rush to the Riviera"

Bight. Cold, rough, and rotten. And my hot water bottle is leaking, and there are no more on board. . . ."

ALMOST reconciles one just a bit to our own horrid, but, anyway, rather more consistent

"Business, trade and things are in a perfectly frightful state"

November, what? Which even in foggy London have their own particular charm—

. . . when the gold and silver lamps
Colour the London dew,
And, misled by the winter damps,
The shops shine bright anew.

TALKING of dances, positive galaxy of Armistice ones last week, with, as perhaps the brightest and best of all the Abbey Ball at the Hyde Park Hotel, where the Coldstreams Band in all the glory of their scarlet, gave one a sort of special pre-War feeling of work and luxury, and all that sort of thing. They're some of the loveliest rooms in London, you know, these of the Hyde Park Gardens Club, which, by the way, have just added to its floors and started afternoon as well as evening dances—which doesn't look exactly as if the dance boom was dying down just yet, does it?

NOT *too* much of the wealth of luxury touch about just this moment, apparently, and they do say business and trade and things are in a simply frightful state these days. Hardly anything, doing at the Motor Show in the way of sales, and everyone tying up their purse-strings tight everywhere. Even economising at the Lord Mayor's banquet last week, they were — mere paltry five-course *menu*, and every pheasant even divided between six guests, instead of the whole roast-ox-per-head (or thereabouts) which used to be the way of things under the spacious *régime* of old times.

BETTER financial investment on the whole, I do believe, at this juncture or crisis in the world's happenings, to leave this land that we love and sustain life almost anywhere else. In Paris, for instance, where, with the franc what it is, it's really cheaper probably in the end to dine at the Meurice than at an A.B.C. *chez nous*. Anyway, certainly more profitable for the soul, and also, perhaps, the mere vile body, which is, I must confess, better fortified against the struggles of life, or seems so, on real *hors d'œuvre* and a sole *Morny* and the right kind of *côtelettes de veau* and *perdrix* and *coupe Jacques*, than even the very best of poached eggs on toast or steak and kidney pie *à l'Anglaise*.

OBLIGATION Week, they called it last week—'cos of what the Prince of Wales himself at the Mansion House described as "our solemn obligation" to find work for the men who—(over a quarter of a million of them) are *still* without work, and whom he specially asked us to help back into, anyway, some sort of jobs, to make up for the ones they gave up to "fight, endure and win for us" the greatest War that ever was, and without whom "justice and freedom would not now exist."

IT is the truest honour, as Dr. Macnamara put it, to the memory of the dead, to determine that the comrades who fought with them shall not languish in want and distress—or be employed in paltry jobs like, for instance, one D.S.O. officer, who is a junior porter at a big hotel, with aliens all round him earning four or five times as much! It is our legacy from them, our sacred trust to the dead in Flanders fields, to see that those who endured unimaginable things by their side, and by the throw of Fortunes dice have returned to us, should be at least made honourable, self-supporting citizens of the country they saved.

"Cheaper probably in the end to dine at the Meurice"

IT is our barest duty,
the merest letter of
our promise—and—
If ye break faith with us
who die
We shall not sleep, though
poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

If We Only Spoke the Truth!

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

No. I.—AT THE BOX OFFICE

"PASSING ON THE BLAME" By C. E. B. Bernard

Weather-Forecasting

By A. P. GARLAND

THERE are few professions so fascinating as that of the weather-forecaster, and as at the present time it is by no means overcrowded, the following notes may be found of value to young men with ambition.

The man-in-the-street has only a hazy, crude idea of the sources of the weather. He thinks it is the Gulf Stream that is generally responsible.

Now in the profession itself it is considered *infra dig.* to mention the Gulf Stream, except under severe provocation.

The fact is, the Gulf Stream is living on its reputation. There was a time when it was really the basis of the central heating system with which these islands were favoured. But it is now past its prime; it has outlived its usefulness; and, but for the honour and glory of the job, it might as well give way to some younger stream with a career to carve out. Sentiment alone saves it from compulsory retirement.

The first thing to which the budding weather-prophet should devote his attention is the study of isobars and millibars. Text-books on those fascinating animals can be found at all libraries, and an occasional visit to the Mappin Terraces at the Zoo will help the student to acquire a first-hand knowledge of their habits.

The next proceeding is to obtain an introduction to either Mr. Negretti or Mr. Zambra—if humanly possible, to both. As is well-known, no weather is released in the British Isles unless it has obtained the approval of those two experts, whose signature on the licence is essential to make it valid.

An astute aspirant to weather-prophesying or weather-propheteering, whichever it is, would send a cordial invitation to Mr. Negretti or Mr. Zambra—if humanly possible, to both—to a lunch in Soho. There, over a bottle of alleged wine, he would pick up hints that would be invaluable. He might even, if the wine were good, elicit the real meaning of "counter-clockwise"—a phrase which has proved a stumbling block to many amateurs.

By this time our young aspirant will have reached the stage where a daily newspaper will be prepared to give him a trial. Here his course is clear.

The opening move is the regulation statement that there is "a depression over Iceland." Never mind any sentimental feeling about Iceland's greeny mountains. A depression is indicated for them and they have got to have it.

It is true that of late a school has sprung up with a craze for originality, which has begun to shift the depression on to Sweden. But at a recent meeting of the amalgamated Portland and Bath clubs this daring innovation was discountenanced.

Assuming now that the aspirant has got his depression over Iceland, heedless of indignant telegrams from the Icelanders, he holds it down with one hand, whilst with the other he proceeds to distribute pressure-belts and flows of lighter air, moving spirally upwards, all around the map. A number of arrows will be found extremely useful for indicating the direction, and can be used again and again without showing signs of wear.

At this stage it is wise to emphasise the urgent need of having a modern weather-cock from which to learn the direction of the wind. Economy is here to be deprecated. An old-fashioned instrument may develop engine-trouble at a critical moment and lead to incorrect deductions.

With these instructions to guide him there is no reason why the novice should not stand as good a chance of anticipating the weather as the veteran, who has in many cases got into a groove, and keeps predicting the same kind of weather every day just because he likes it.

One last piece of advice—let the novice, if he would be original, abandon the austerity of style of his predecessors and introduce, whenever possible, the note of human interest.

For instance, "As far as we can make out from a note in the handwriting of Negretti and Zambra, to-day is going to be unspeakably vile. Rain up to noon, and after that more rain. Umbrellas and mackintoshes are fiercely indicated. Looks as if the Flower Show in the British Museum will be spoiled. We're not risking it anyhow."

If one read that, would not one feel that the weather-wallah was a man and a brother?

Or again, when the forecast has gone wrong, why ignore it? Why not take a leaf out of the Racing Prophet's note-book and deal frankly with the failure?

For example, "We must say we were grievously disappointed at the failure of Fine Afternoon, Warm but Cloudy, which we predicted for yesterday. It looked a certain winner but for the arrival of a Cyclone which drew level with it at Penzance and, travelling counter-clockwise, got to London a length or two ahead. But Fine Afternoon's turn will come and wise readers will look out for its appearance shortly."

BY NORMAN KEENE

"A SHATTERED ROMANCE"

"The Divine Sarah" at a Charity Committee Meeting

Photograph *L. E. A.*

A meeting of the Committee of L'Orphelinat des Arts, held in Paris at the house of Madame Hortense Schneider. Madame Sarah Bernhardt, who is the President of the Charity, is on the right of the picture turning towards a friend behind, and the chairwoman, seated at the end of the table, is Madame Scalini

"Est-ce que vous avez un petit sou?"

The Bystander in Paris

Illustrated by Marcel Poncin.

"A PEOPLE OF SHYLOCKS"

MES AMIS—

WHAT a lot of fuss Governments and newspapers make! One would believe to read our dear *Matin* and dear *Echo de Paris* that Mr. Lloyd George should be hanged along with the Kaiser, and that it was against the English that we have fought in the War. And if by chance you should read *L'Œuvre* and *Le Petit Bleu*—well, whether you like Mr. Lloyd George or not, you will begin to like him afterwards because of the things that are said against him. The half of me that is English is hurt by these things like never anything in the French half has been hurt by an Englishman. *Mon Dieu, mes Amis*, but whatever else we Frenchmen have as qualities, *la politesse* is now only yours. Our newspapers are to us a shame, and believe me, in our country we have not all the souls of Shylocks and blush to read such disgusting stuff as is written.

THERE are times when many of us hate to be French because we are really such a people of Shylocks. In England you are sportsmen. "We have won the War and made the Germans powerless," you say, "*Eh bien*, let us give them a chance to be decent." But, *mes amis*, you will never persuade the French to give them a chance. We wish to step on their faces now and always, and though *certes* we have no reason to love them or to be decent to them, one wonders what good it will do always to step on their fat faces.

AND we are so obstinate. There are some days ago that I have gone to my tailor to order a new overcoat. When it has come I have found that it was two times too wide in front. Now, the one half of the firm of my tailor is French and the other half is English. It was the French half who had made the coat, and when I have taken it back to him and told him I would not accept to wear it, what has he done? For ten minutes he has argued that a coat of that kind ought to be made like that—far too wide in front. "*Mais, Monsieur,*" I have said, "*prime*: It doesn't fit me; *secundo*: I don't like it." Do you imagine that that has impressed my countryman? Oh, no, he has shown me how his own coat was made like that, and in the end I have had to tell him very sharp how I would not take the coat and would not pay for it, and would not come back any more.

"I have found that it was two times too wide in front"

AFTER that he has nearly wept, and has gone to find his English partner. This one didn't talk. He just looked at the coat and said, "You think it is too wide? Yes, sir, perhaps it is. Of course, we can alter that. We have just to cut it up the seams and take out a piece." There was no rubbish from the Englishman about how that kind of coat ought to fit.

AND that is just how we are in this business of the Treaty. The coat and the Treaty are made like that, and it doesn't matter at all to our French people whether they fit or not. That is the way they ought to be, and it is to us of

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

much more importance that no one should ever touch a comma than that we should ever get any money from Germany. Nobody thinks that it was a very good Treaty, but now that they have it they want all the commas to remain just as they were written, even though they don't make common sense. And now you foolish English, with your wicked Lloyd George, have gone and taken out a whole paragraph without even telling us.

ONE is sad about it, but it is true we are awful Shylocks, and we are so conceited we will never blame ourselves when things go wrong. For instance, there was one day that the *crémière* who sends the eggs and milk for my breakfast has mounted the price. Already I have thought that it was dear enough to pay ninety-five centimes for an egg. But what has she said when I have made my complaint: "*Monsieur que voulez-vous* with the English exchange what it is?" As if we should every buy our eggs from England.

TO me it seems that we have no business to say that anyone is a Shylock when we consider what happens to our money. First it was all the gold pieces which disappeared at the beginning of the War. Then it was the silver which vanished into the *bas de laine* of the peasants. And now the most difficult thing to find in Paris is a *petit sou*. On the omnibus everywhere it is the same complaint: "*Monsieur est-ce que vous avez un petit sou?*" They have all disappeared—hidden because our stupid people don't believe that anything is money which doesn't weigh heavy and chink. Have you ever tried to pay anything with a cheque in France? *Mon Dieu*, how they look at it all over, and then say "No," or if they take it they run at once to the bank to see if the money is there.

ONCE when I have paid with a cheque a bill at a house where I have been known for many years I saw that the messenger boy was on his way to the bank to get the money before I was out of the shop. You can have no idea how pleased I was afterwards to know that the boy never came back, but ran away with the money of my cheque and everything else there was in the till.

BUT now that I have said all that bad about my people I must try to say something good. The best, perhaps, is that they are not all like the others, and especially the journalists of our magnificent Press, which sells itself to whoever will buy. The best ones are those who don't worry at all about politics and what our foolish Governments do. *Mes Amis*, we think that it is all rot to like and dislike countries and be sentimental and silly about America and silly and unsentimental about England. It is far more wise just to like those other people whom one knows and who are one's friends, like I like half a dozen Englishmen and girls I know, and even some Americans. For the rest (except the readers of THE BYSTANDER), and for the rest of the French people too, *je m'en fiche*. It is wisest. PHILIPPE

"Que voulez-vous, with the English exchange . . . ?"

Our Peace-Time Navy

BY LIEUT.-COL. E. G. O. BEUTTLER

No. VI.—"P. T. I."

A Gaiety Girl of Charm and Talent

Photograph] MISS MAMIE WATSON *[Bassano, Limited*

The young actress who is playing, with much success, the part originally assigned to Miss Katie Seymour in "The Shop Girl" at the Gaiety Theatre

At the QUEEN'S

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

I HAVE been told that this play presents quite a reasonably fair view of both sides of the Strike question. If it doesn't, it can hardly be for the want of talk, since there are perfect torrents of it. On the other hand, there is a fine dramatic story, which at its close fitly points the only proper moral of these regrettable incidents. Dr. Miller's only son, Dr. Eric Miller, has come back from the War expecting, like the rest of them, to find the Old Country a land of milk and honey and positively bulging over with prosperity. Instead, he finds it a land of grousers and strikers and sophisticated Beer. There are those, indeed, who are now contending that the last affliction is the direct cause of the other two. It seems that the Wiseacres of Downing Street are harbouring the pathetic delusion that they can make people sober by Act of Parliament. And it isn't done! And when they have at last bungled the nation into an unhappy strike, the best kind of statesmanship they can show is to rush out a poster to say that the fault was all the other fellow's. As the Old Guard used to say in his inspired moments, God wot!

THE scene of the play is Valleyhead, which is literally fed by a small branch line about twelve miles in length. One day the railwaymen come out on strike. The first effect of this strike will be that there will be no food for the

(Continued on page 468)

Modes of the M

SOME EARLY STYLES IN DANCE PA

Moment in Men

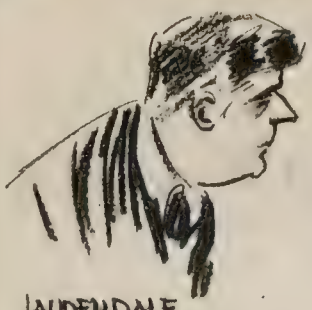
RTNERS FOR THE COMING SEASON

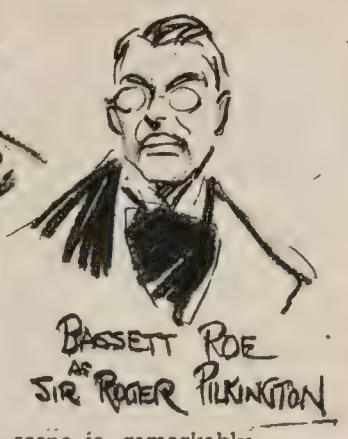
BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

people of Valleyhead, and no medicines or comforts for the sick. Therefore Eric Miller and his friend, Dr. Wrigley, organise a motor-car service in order to keep Valleyhead supplied at least with essentials. But the railwaymen see in this motor service a strike-breaking instrument, and they take measures to defeat it accordingly by stretching a steel cable across the road. The volunteer car runs into the cable, and Eric is thrown and killed outright, while Dr. Wrigley escapes with a few bruises.

THE news is brought to Dr. Miller, who is in attendance at a meeting convened for the purpose of settling the strike, and for a while he is not unnaturally a broken man. This part is very finely played by Mr. Holman Clark. Dr. Wrigley, for his part, is not disposed to take the trouble lying down. This is war; and force must be met by force. He calls upon the other doctors of Valleyhead to come out on strike, as if two wrongs could make a right. The doctors answer the call, and even Dr. Miller totters to take his place in the line of those who would meet wrong with wrong. The strikers ridicule the idea of a doctors' strike. They take the dreadfully heterodox view that the people would have much better health if the doctors would only leave them alone, as long as they can have the occasional help of the herbalist on the street corner. Besides, if it comes to that, as one of the Labour men points out, doctors are prevented from striking by Act of Parliament. If that be so, the logical course would seem to be to pass similar Acts of Parliament to apply to other key occupations.

NOW it happens that the young wife of one of the local leaders, Mr. Ben Ormerod, has been a patient of Dr. Miller for some time. She is expecting her first child under unfavourable conditions, and Ormerod is, very properly, most anxious about her. He speaks of his anxiety at the meeting, but his friends assure him that the old woman who is looking after her will see her through her trouble all right; and, besides, there is always the herbalist at the street corner if anything should go wrong. So the business of the meeting is resumed, and the strike leaders and the railway directors wrangle and wrangle about terms. Dr. Miller has been invited to the meeting to watch the proceedings, and after he has listened for a long time to the personalities and recriminations, he gets up and says there





seems somehow to be a vital element missing from their deliberations. He does not say as much, but we gather that he means that both sides are making the mistake of considering each others' faults instead of trying to make the most of each others' virtues, and of trying to drag the flowers of good from out the weeds of this imperfect life, as the poet puts it.

And just as the discussion is at its hottest and strongest and the doctors are calling the railwaymen Bolshies and the railwaymen are calling the doctors charlatans and worse, Mary Miller comes into the room with a scared look. Mary was Eric's wife; the young couple had just come back from their honeymoon when Eric was killed, and the best thing Mary can think of now is to help Ormerod's wife through her trouble. She has come now to tell him that he must go to his wife at once. She is in grave danger. The old woman in attendance does not know what to do next, and the herbalist at the street corner does not seem to have in stock at the moment the right kind of herb required to meet the case. Ormerod staggers to the door, Of course his wife will be all right. She will pull through. But he looks at the hard set faces of the medical men before him, and cannot help remarking that he would rather have a proper doctor. Then as he goes on his way Dr. Miller stays him on the threshold of the door. He has found out the one thing that has been missing throughout these bitter negotiations. He will go with Ormerod and give the suffering woman all the skill and care at his command.

The last scene is remarkably realistic. It is simply the living-room of Ben Ormerod's cottage. But we are given to understand that Mrs. Ormerod is lying in an inner room, and no one must make a noise. People come and go softly on the stage, and the scene gets you so that you hesitate to whisper to your neighbour for fear of disturbing the sufferer. It is just as real as that. Dr. Miller is in attendance, but he points out that he is a physician and not a surgeon, and Mrs. Ormerod's case is now so complicated that a serious operation will be necessary. And the only properly qualified surgeon at the moment available is the fiercely intransigent Dr. Wrigley. The doctor cannot be found for a long time, and even when they get him he sticks doggedly to his guns.

But, of course, he gives way in the end, and there is a dramatic moment when he hurriedly throws off his coat and calls on Dr. Miller to administer the anæsthetic. The curtain falls on that, a wonderful climax to a very remarkable scene.

Dr. Wrigley is powerfully represented by Mr. Charles Kenyon. An extremely able picture of an "intellectual" strike leader is given by Mr. Leon M. Leon. Mr. Leon makes the leader quite a horrid little man, so that you feel that whether he is right or wrong in his opinions you would just like to give him a wunner in the eye for his general objectionableness. Another skilful piece of work is that of Mr. F. B. J. Sharp as a solicitor who intervenes now and then in the strike quarrel with a remark which, consisting as it does of simple common-sense, sounds quite humorous when contrasted with the eloquence of the hotheads on either side. The play is a supremely interesting one, admirably acted in all respects, and if its mission in life is to try and make us all think a little more kindly and more charitably of one another, it would seem to have come at an opportune moment with its very useful purpose. Let us all be good children and take the lesson to heart and — pull together!

JINGLE

What They Really Say

No. V.—THE TELEPHONE LIE

BY DELL LEIGH

"Look here, ol' man, it's all nonsense; you've *got* to come and dine with me to-night."

"My dear chap, how can I? I've promised to dine with the Merediths."

"Not that awful woman with the advanced views and the straight front?"

"Yes."

"Oh, but it can't be done, ol' boy—nothin' doing about that."

"Yes, but it's all very well; I can't get out of it at this hour of the evening."

"Why not? Ring 'em up."

"What can I say?"

"Oh, any old thing. Say your cousin has fallen off the moving staircase at Baker Street, hurt herself frightfully. What?"

"Dash it, I can't say that, she's in Northumberland."

"Well, say anything you like. Relaxed throat — temperature — rash all over your body: that'll terrify her."

"You *are* the limit."

"May be; but I've got some of that Cockburn port at home, anyhow."

"Hullo! Hullo! Western 6980, please. No. Not 6580, six n-n-nine eight Oh. How do you mean there is no reply? You haven't tried. Hullo! When you have quite finished knitting those jumpers p'raps you'll attend to me, or give me the Supervisor, I don't care which. *Hullo! Hullo!* Look here, Supervisor. What? I've already *said* Western 6580—I mean 6980—no, six n-nine. What? There is no 69 Western. I didn't say there was. I said 69*80* Western. For goodness sake!"

"Hullo! Is Mrs. Meredith there, please? Mr. Groves. Thanks. That you, Mrs. Meredith? Groves speaking. I say—er—I'm in an awful fix. I've just had a wire to say my cousin Agatha has met with an accident on the Tube."

"Dear me, I'm very sorry. You don't mean the Miss Baldwin I met the other night?"

"Oh, no. Not that one—her sister."

"Cynthia? But I thought she was in Guernsey? I heard from her this morning."

"Oh, did you? How odd. It appears she fell off the escalator at Edgware Road and sprained her back very badly. Says she's feeling awfully rotten, and can I go round and see her? So I'm afraid my dinner with you to-night—"

"Oh, of course, I quite understand. Poor girl, where is she?"

"Well, she wires from her club, the Ladies Athenæum, you know."

"No, you mean the New Century, don't you?"

"No—er—where is the wire? Hold on a minute. No, that's right. Athenæum."

"Well, give her my love, and tell her I'll come round and see her in the morning."

"Oh—er—she adds she's going on to Devonshire in the morning."

"What, with a sprained back, surely not?"

"Er—yes—rather unwise, p'raps, what? Still, you know what she is."

"Ye-es. Where did you say she met with the accident?"

"Edgware Road Tube."

"How odd. I didn't know there was an escalator there."

"Oh, yes, surely? Isn't that the station where they put one in the other day? I seem to remember."

"Yes, I daresay it was. I'll ask Herbert: he goes that way very often."

"Well, I hope you understand, Mrs. Meredith?"

"Perfectly. It's *quite* all right."

"Thank you most awfully. I'm dreadfully disappointed. *Good*-bye."

. . . . .

"Nice mess you've landed me in, you dirty dog."

"Oh, rot. Come on."

"Did you say it was Cockburn's '04?"

"Yes. You ought to know—drunk enough of it."

"Good egg—where's my hat?"

"DOUBLE ENTENTE" By Wilmot Lunt

First Pickpocket (*at race-meeting*): "Do anything to-day?"
Second Ditto: "Yus—picked a winner!"

Things That Never Happen

WILL OCCUR REGULARLY ON THIS PAGE

No. I.—Mr. JUSTICE DARLING *BY VICTOR HICKS*

Sentencing himself to "Five Years Penal" for chestnut cracking, and causing undue levity in Court

Profiteering Proletarians

BY THE BYSTANDER IN BERLIN

TWO years of Socialistic Revolution have passed; and sobered Germany is making up her political and economical account books. They show a lot of debit and, perhaps, some microscopic credit entries. The biggest item entered—you can put it to debit or to credit side, according to your wish—is A PROFITEERING PROLETARIAT. The Revolution has realised that healthy fear which Socialism's leader, August Bebel, expressed in 1908 with the words: "Beware of realising your Socialism in the form of Inverted Capitalism."

IT'S a comic tale. Whereas in credulous, anti-critical November, '18, twenty millions of eager Teutons hoped that Revolution would make a speedy end of Capitalism, all agree to-day that the most "Capitalistically" minded class is the Profiteering Proletariat. In pre-War days, the Washed Capitalist stood out as an obstacle to Social Justice. To-day, it is the Unwashed Capitalist. Germany's Proletariat out of power was relatively idealistic and disinterested; in power it is just as profit-hungry as in mild Russia, where the *moujik* sleeps in his greased top-boots on a grabbed Louis Seize sofa, while the sofa's owner sleeps in a cellar between a rat and a fungus patch, without any boots at all.

BUT there's a difference. The Pruss, with his qualifying, meticulous intellect and careful ways, goes slower than the tornado-souled Slav. But he is just as avid a Profiteerlet; and it is that painful discovery which dominates Germany's survey of her two years' race after elusive Social Justice. During these bright years, with the exception of a mere four months, Germany has always had Socialist Governments, led by Socialist Chancellors, and dragged by Socialist majorities. But not a single legislative measure that makes in any degree for the capture of Social Justice has been passed. On the contrary, shy Social Justice has learned that if she once comes within reach of the new Profiteering Proletariat, the Proletarian Profiteerer will steal her only shift.

A FORTNIGHT ago the much-proved Socialisation Commission issued a report on Socialisation. It dealt only with Coal. It is a Socialistically manned Commission, for it has among its members the frenetic Socialiser Kautsky, the frenetic Socialiser Hué, the frenetic Socialiser Hilferding. But the majority of this mainly Socialist Socialisation Commission rejects the immediate Socialisation of Coal. And the main ground given for the rejection is that when the Honest Horny-Handed Coal-Miner is elevated to the rank of boss he does not think for a moment of the other Horny-Handed, but only of his particular pocket interest; and that he immediately starts to create that undesirable "Inverted Capitalism" against which prophetic Bebel warned.

FOR England, also with her Coal Conundrum, this is a tale with a moral. Being unable last year to Socialise Coal-Mines, the temporising Scheidemann Cabinet forced the Owners into a Syndicate, leaving private property intact. To propitiate the Proletariat he gave the miners a half-share in control of the Syndicate. The Philanthropic Proletarian was now—half—on top. But the experiment failed disastrously. Why did it fail? Because, according to the Socialistic-manned Socialisation Commission, the proletarianly-controlled Coal Syndicate rushed up prices against the public far more remorselessly than the uncontrolled Capitalists in their heyday of omnipotence.

THE Profiteering Miners actually entered into an alliance with the Capitalists, with whom they now equally shared power, in order not merely to make the "Public" (*i.e.*, the despised *bourgeoisie*) hand out its shekels, but in order to plunder brother Proletarians who had not the advantage of working in mines. Nothing so badly hits the average German workman as the high price of coal. First, it keeps him in Unemployment, as there are scores of industries which cannot produce at present coal prices. Secondly, it makes him freeze in winter, as he cannot buy coal. But the Proletarian miners, "pursuing unblushing Profiteering," says one report to the Commission, *written by a Socialist*, from first day of the new dual-control system set themselves to rush up Coal prices. They made a deal with the bad Capitalist-Employers: "If you raise our wages indefinitely, we will vote in our joint Coal-Council for raising prices indefinitely." Profiteering was worse than ever. In the old days, Price-Raising was in some measure checked by public agitation—all men were against the Coal Kaisers. But now Coal is "democratically ruled."

ALSO Proletarian-Profiteering has become so crass that the whole question of Coal management is again in the melting-pot. And not only Coal. Also Potash and Iron, in which respectively in March, 1919, and April, 1920, the Proletarian was given right of half-control. In the mine months after Potash was put under this system the Proletarian Potash-miners rushed up prices three times, this although enormously increased profits—for some mines a twenty-fold increase—were being reaped. In all cases the Proletarian Potash miners made as first condition that their wages should be correspondingly raised. Let the Potash-using public pay, was the cry! The results are (1) the Prussic farmer cannot buy Potash, and (2) the bread and other foodstuffs which depend on Potash are dearer and scarcer than they need be; and the industrial Proletarian who does not happen to be a Potash magnate—the cotton hand, the pottery girl—goes hungry.

IS it a wonder that sound August Bebel warned against the Inverted Capitalism of the Proletariat? Is it a wonder that at Cassel last month the *Socialistic* ex-Minister of Industry, Robert Schmidt, declared that the Proletarian system described above is "an aggravation of all the abuses of Capitalism"?

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"THE ITALICS ARE OURS"
"Wot's the band playin' now, Edie?"
"I think it's Faust *by the music!*"

By M. Butcher

A Tea-Total Victory

By RONALD M. NEWMAN

THE other evening, filled with the philanthropic desire to give my new four-and-eleven-penny straw hat a breath of air, I placed it on my noble head, called out to my wife that I was going round to see some neighbours, and then set briskly forth to obey the pleading summons of a local tea-shop—the "Dew Drop Inn."

Safely inside the private bar, I elevated Reginald (as I have christened my 4*s.* 11*d.* horror) out of respect to the barmaid, ordered a young Bass, and hied me to a corner table where I might enjoy his good company to the utmost advantage.

He was bright, and clear, and sparkling: he winked at me as I held him to the light; and then, just as I was about to consume him, a deep, melancholy the-body-is-upstairs—the-cat's-had-it-on-the-floor-twice sort of voice broke in with:

"My friend. Ah! my poor friend."

I placed the glass hastily back on the table and glanced up at my newly-found sympathiser. He was a little man, clothed all in black; and his eyes, gazing out from behind a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles, were blue, watery, and mild.

"My friend," he went on, drawing a step nearer to me, "do you know what harm is being done you?"

"I have," said I, "been recently robbed—if that's what you mean." And I nodded to the threepence half-penny, constituting my change from a shilling, which lay on the table before me.

"Ah," he said, growing more melancholy and drawing yet nearer, "it is not that. It is not that. Drink—alcohol—it is the curse of the country."

Then I noticed that in the lapel of his mourning (sorry!) clothes he wore a small piece of dark blue ribbon. He was a Lunatic. A tea-totaller. He would try and get me to sign the pledge. He would talk a million c.c's. of hot-air at me. I became clever. Ten years of married life, if nothing else, has taught me that.

"Sit down," I said affably. "No, not on Reginald, please," and I removed him to a place of safety. "Have this chair. You no doubt represent the movement of Prohibition?"

The little man seated himself, nervously wiped his hands on a handkerchief, and said:

'Yes, I do. I am an advocate of temperance. Now you, my poor friend——"

But I got my say in first—ten years of married life, etc. I'd give the little worm Prohibition. I'd tell him what I thought of it—long had I hoped for such an opportunity.

"Look here," said I. "We'll discuss this matter together. We'll thrash it out," and I held him silent with a more hypnotic optic than ever ancient mariner possessed.

"Do you know," I said, "what procured for our country the immortal victory at Trafalgar?" I ran on hastily. "Beer! Good,

A TEA-TOTAL VICTORY (*concluded*)

strong, sparkling, nut-brown beer!"

The little man looked somewhat taken back.

"Oh, but it's true," said I. "It is, in fact amongst the—er—better-informed historians a recognised thing. No one dare dispute it. *Do you?*" I demanded, so fiercely that the little worm might just as well have challenged Capablanca to a game of draughts, or tried the best of three falls with the Brontosaurus as have answered in the affirmative.

I followed up swiftly. I was enjoying myself. I was fighting for the liberty of my fellow-countrymen.

"What is it," I demanded, "that all the great men in the world have paid tribute to? Falstaff, Joe Beckett, Owen Nares, Pelman, Augustus John, Little Tich, and a million others? Beer! It is the mainstay of the country. So's whisky, and gin, and port, and fizz, and—and what d'you give a man when he's nearly drowned or received his income-tax demand?—Brandy!"

I paused, I panted, I paid open tribute to my young Bass standing attentively by, and then I resumed:

"Do you still," I asked of the Prohibition merchant, "advocate that this great and glorious country should cast away the thing which brought about its greatness and glory?"

"Really," he stammered, "I—I—your argument is very convincing. I—I have never heard such sweeping claims before."

"Deny them," said I, hoping he wouldn't have the nerve to try.

"Alas! my friend," he said, nervously mopping his brow, "that—er—is impossible at—er—at the moment."

"Very well, then," I cried in triumph, "you must see that Prohibition is wrong. Instead of doing good, you are trying to injure your fellow man. You are setting him on the wrong path, teaching him ingratitude. Cannot I beg of you to desist? You *must* desist!"

My success was so obvious, my power of conviction so well-tried, that I leaned nearer and attempted a final masterpiece.

"Why not," I whispered, "why not turn over a new leaf from to-night and become *anti*-prohibition?"

He looked up quickly at me, and then he shook his head sadly, obstinately.

"Think of Trafalgar," I said, employing the serpent business. "Think of—er—Falstaff, and Joe Beckett, and, and Augustus John. Think of——"

I could scarcely believe my eyes. With hands that shook a little the Prohibitionist slowly removed the piece of blue ribbon from the lapel of his coat.

I rose to my feet, I gazed at him in triumph: then I put the final test.

"What," I said, "what will you have? Whisky?"

He faltered. I turned to the bar.

"A double scotch and a small soda, and a Bass, please," I ordered; and then, very gravely, we toasted each other.

It was my day. I had won the fight.

The little man drank his Scotch to the last drain, murmured something unintelligible, shook me by the hand, and departed.

I felt rather sorry for him. I felt very pleased with myself. I placed Reginald on my head, lit a cigarette, and set out on my way home.

Fifty yards down the road, in the dusk, I noticed two men meet at a street corner. Then I heard this:

"Any luck?" and the answer, from, unmistakably my reformed Prohibitionist.

"Yes; caught a mug in the 'Dew Drop.' Bit balmy I should think. But like all the rest. Couldn't resist having a cut at Pussyfoot. . . What'd he make me drink? Oh, a double Scotch an' splash. Come on, we've just got time to try the 'Golden Lion.' It's your turn, Bill."

Can you imagine how I felt as I walked—or rather slunk—home?

"POSITIVELY 'ARROWING!" By Peter Fraser

Extract from Boy's Journal: ". . . He expected each moment would be his last"

The Real Armistice Atmosphere

PERVADES THE THIRD VICTORY BALL AT THE ALBERT HALL

BY HELEN McKIE

Our Artist gives above some impressions of last week's Victory Ball at the Albert Hall. A number of wounded and disabled soldiers were there looking on, and a note of quiet, in accord with the solemnity of the day (November 11), was apparent in the proceedings

By FIELD, STREAM AND COVERT

Photograph *Central News*

THE PRINCE OF WALES OUT WITH THE PYTCHLEY
His Royal Highness last week attended a meet of the Pytchley at North Kilworth. He is here seen starting out with the field

RACING·NOTIONS
BY "CARBINE"

The Grand Sefton

"CLONREE S down!" The shout went through the stands when the Irish horse made a "bloomer" before he had properly settled down at Aintree last week. Much of the interest was taken out of the big steeplechase by this mishap. There was not much to choose between the three leaders at the finish. General Saxham is undoubtedly a much-improved jumper, but of this lot give me The Turk II. when it comes to the Grand National. Apparently the journey last week was not far enough for him. He was going great guns in the last quarter of a mile.

Two Irish Horses

I HEAR a big account of the Irish horses Southsea and Southampton, who are now at Bob Gore's place at Findon, having been recently purchased on behalf of Sir James Buchanan. I am told that £7,000 was paid for one and £6,000 for the other, which are tremendous prices for jumpers. My information is that Southsea was much the best 'chaser in Ireland this year, and if all goes well with him we are sure to hear a great deal of the horse in connection with the coming National.

By "THE TOUT"

MARTIN HARTIGAN
Mr. James White made no mistake when he chose Martin Hartigan as substitute for Cottrill. Sir Berkeley, Pharmacie and Granely are some of the big winners Martin has turned out this season. Like his brother "Pat" he is an accomplished horseman. Though he trains at Foxhill, he is an Irishman, which accounts for much where horses are concerned

Archaic's Form

ONE of the surprises of the Aintree meeting was the very poor display of Archaic in the Liverpool St. Leger. He completely failed to run up to his gallop with Crevasse and others. Either he has not completely shaken off the effects of his bad go of blood-poisoning—acne, I am told, is the professional name for the ailment—or he has taken a dislike to racing. I prefer to think that the former is the explanation of his bad show at Liverpool, and I hope we shall see him in very different form at Ascot next summer.

Will Redhead Win

LORD DERBY and his trainer will be very disappointed if Redhead fails to win the Derby Cup this week. For a handicap of this importance the filly is already quoted at a very short price, and I daresay she will be a raging favourite. It cannot be said that she is "thrown in" the handicap with 8st. 9lb., but if Mr. Lambton is right in his opinion that she could have won the St. Leger, it is certain that the weight will not stop her. Her performance in the Park Hill Stakes

(Continued on page 481)

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was one of the most remarkable of the season. I look for the success of **Redhead**, and as a each-way second string I take the curiously named ONE.

Derby Features

SEVERAL trainers have complained to me of the handicapping of Pharmacie in the Chesterfield Nursery on Wednesday. They say that the limit of 9st. does not give a fair chance to the youngsters at the bottom of the handicap. Still, it seems to me that Mr. James White's filly will have to be at her best to concede 14lb. to La Voiture and 24lb. to Princess of Mars. Her brilliant speed should tell on the sharp course at Derby, and I do not think she will lose her unbeaten record. The Markeaton Plate on the same day may be won by **Fancy Man.** **Cutty Shark** has a chance in the Chatsworth Plate on Thursday, and **Corporal** may win the Osmaston Nursery. At Hurst Park at the end of the week **Challow** is my selection for the Syon Handicap.

"THE TWINS"

The Earl of Hopetoun (left) and Lord John Audrey Hope, twin sons of the Marquis of Linlithgow, about to start for a ride from Hopetoun House, Linlithgowshire

HUNTING NOTES

With the Hounds

CONDITIONS have scarcely been favourable for the opening of the season. Dry weather has made for bad scent, and unusually blind fences make it next to impossible to ride straight to hounds. All this, however, will soon be altered, and I dare say we shall be grumbling about too much rain before the season is very far advanced. Masters have been very satisfied with the show of foxes, and the general impression seems to be that it will develop into a really good season when the conditions improve.

LADY ANNE HOPE

The six-year-old daughter of the Marquis of Linlithgow

Photographs *J. R. Stewart*

THE MARCHIONESS OF LINLITHGOW (on right) WITH HER TWO DAUGHTERS

Lady Anne Hope (on her favourite Shetland pony) and Lady Joan, who is a year younger, in the grounds of Hopetoun House, Linlithgowshire

A Word to the Motorist

THERE is in most countries a growing tendency for motorists to follow the hounds along the roads and lanes. Of course, there is no law against them doing so excepting the unwritten etiquette of sport. It should

not be forgotten that when a hunting run is attended by a string of motor-cars loss of sport almost inevitably results. Foxes are headed by the road traffic and hounds are hampered by the all-pervading odour emanating from exhaust pipes. So, please, you motoring people, rest content with a distant glimpse of the hunt, and do not make a practice of hunting on wheels.

Hard Up!

THE average follower of hounds grumbles about increasing expenses, and well he may, with oats, hay, and straw at such appalling prices and no immediate prospect of reduced cost. But, of course, the hard case of the individual hunt subscriber is as nothing compared with that of the M.F.H., who must indeed possess a long purse if he is to cope with present-day financial requirements. Mr. George Fitzwilliam, whose family has hunted the Milton country for not far short of a couple of centuries, has recently quoted some remarkable figures, showing the vastly increased cost of running a good-class hunting country. Yet in spite of this increase, Mr. Fitzwilliam finds that the subscription is actually smaller than it was before the War! He bluntly states that the subscription list would be a discredit to any ordinary provincial football club.

"HARRY" By "THE TOUT"

Lord Dalmeny, who is always in the first flight. He hunted the "Committee" pack last season in the Whaddon Chase country

An Impending Change

MR. FITZWILLIAM hints that he cannot keep it up, and I expect the outcome of his pointed remarks will be the reorganisation of the Hunt finances upon more equitable lines. Already one M.F.H., Mr. C. T. Scott, has resigned. He announces that he will be unable to go on with the North Cotswold country after the end of the season, as the present subscription is only one-third of the sum required to keep up the hounds. All this is very disquieting. It means that the fate of many famous packs is threatened unless very rich men can be found to hunt them.

New Hunting Books

AMONG the various hunting books whose issue has accompanied the opening of the season is a welcome new edition of *The Life of a Fox* (Edward Arnold: 21*s.*), to which Lord Willoughby de Broke has contributed a valuable introduction. Since the War a new generation of young foxhunters has taken to this great field sport with considerable ardour. To them the classic books on foxhunting will come fresh and full of charm. *The Life of a Fox* is one of those classics. The fox is allowed to tell his own story, and the reader derives many hints on the craft of foxhunting from the various narratives. The edition is well printed and admirably illustrated with the reproduction of old prints. *The Hunting Diary for* 1920-21, published by S. B. Vaughan, 46, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.2, is splendid value for three shillings and sixpence. It is chockfull of useful information for followers of hounds, and the diary pages, interleaved with blotting-paper, form a notable feature of the book. A. W. C.

Photograph *Central News*

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Photograph **CROSS-COUNTRY ATHLETES AT OXFORD** *Sport and General*

The Start of the Inter-Collegiate Cross-Country Championship at Oxford on Wednesday last. Magdalen had a strong team, headed by E. A. Montague, the Blue, who finished first, and they won the Championship easily, beating New College, who were second, by 22 points. The course was about 4½ miles long, and each team consisted of five runners

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LITERARY PANTS.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY

A LITTLE while oack one of the American papers ("Current Opinion") courteously suggested that I should write a modern Sartor Resartus.

The bare idea gave me dyspepsia. Had Carlyle existed by, instead of merely in, clothes, he would have become so satiated with them that his impressions would have been still-born.

To write a book of Wine, a book of Love, or a book of Song, might appeal, if one could combat the instinctive and natural virtue of laziness. But since I live chiefly by, and usually in, trousers, I have got to hate the uneuphonic sound of the word.

There is no romance in trousers—and precious little without them. Thus do I treacherously attack my best material friend

For once, however, I must swallow my commercial medicine and talk of clothes and costs.

The cost of clothes is now so scandalously high, that one would welcome a return of the primitive fashions of Eden. But clothes are now a climatic necessity, and if it be any consolation to the "skinned-alive" public, men's clothes have risen less in price than any other of life's necessaries—including wine.

And they have risen less in price in England than in any other country. The best lounge suits in America cost £40; in Germany (for poor material) £175; in Russia a rope of pearls or tiara of diamonds, and in Austria about half the capital of Vienna.

Personally I deplore these artificially inflated prices, but they are the result of the economic crash of Europe.

At the moment of writing these notes I have before me letters from the English manufacturers saying that for 1921 Scotch Cheviots and Saxony cloths are up 25 to 50 per cent., and English Worsteds 75 per cent. Where will it all end?

The prices charged by this House will not be raised until the present stocks are sold. That is the only crumb of comfort it can offer.

* * * * * * *

Poor Eve, frail but seductive, had to tramp out of Paradise on her bare feet. Nowadays, a munificent Government gallantly sends Rolls-Royces to the land of the Garden of Eden to rescue our modern adventuresses. Hence high prices:

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The PASTIMES *of* PAST TIMES

The "Armed Race" as run 1453 B.C.

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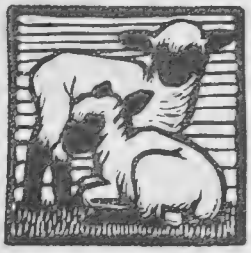

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Celebrities of the Services

BY PHYLLIS KERMODE

Four of the best players in the United Services Rugby Football Team with Major—known to his friends as "Dreadnought"—Harrison, who, though no longer on their active list, still renders valuable aid as touch-judge and chief mentor of the team. Lieutenant Kershaw and Commander Davies are about the best pair of half-backs in the Kingdom: they represented England last season and will probably do so again

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

Photograph *Sport and General*
J. F. WILLIAMS (Taunton and Fitzwilliam Hall)
Winner of the Quarter-Mile

Photograph *Farringdon Photo Co.*
D. J. A. FLETCHER (Sherborne and Corpus)
Winning the Mile

Photograph *Sport and General*
J. E. B. WALKER (Leatherhead and Selwyn)
Winner of the Hundred Yards

THE FRESHMEN'S SPORTS AT CAMBRIDGE

At the Freshmen's Sports recently held at Cambridge nothing sensational was achieved, but the performances were well up to the average, and the three winners depicted above proved themselves to be promising athletes

RUGBY FOOTBALL

The Poaching Nuisance

I AM sorry to find that the practice to which some of the crack clubs are addicted of "poaching" promising players from other clubs which are less famous is on the increase. To make my meaning clear let me illustrate the sort of thing that happens. A match between two of the crack clubs is imminent, and one of them happens, for some reason or other, to be rather at a loss for a man to fill a particular position. There are men available, but they have not so far been regarded as good enough for the first fifteen, and consequently the inclusion of one of them will mean a weakening of the side in a match against opponents who are admittedly formidable.

The Way of the Poacher

ACCORDINGLY, the organisers of the team proceed to take a look round. They find out (if they do not already know) that a certain player has been showing first-rate form, in the position which they have to fill, for another club which does not rank as high as their own. He looks like being just the man they want. Without further ado they invite him to play for them in the forthcoming match, and he usually accepts, because the inducement to join a club of such high standing, and to play in its first fifteen, is too strong to be resisted. One must remember that the player who is spirited away in this fashion is usually one who is young, enthusiastic, and ambitious, and, therefore, one can hardly blame him for seizing a chance of this kind with both hands, although it means letting down the side for which he has hitherto been playing.

Injustice to the "A" Team

THE people who have "bagged" him are the people who are to blame, for look what their action involves. They are playing in their team a man who is not really a member of their club, and therefore the team is not really representative of the club, and they are doing this to the exclusion of members of the club who are ready and willing to play. For after all is it not one of the functions of the "A" team to form a sort of nursery for players who aspire to play in the first? What becomes of these aspirations, and where does the fun of playing for the "A" come in, if whenever a vacancy occurs it is filled with some imported outsider?

Photograph *G.P.U.*
AN EXCITING MOMENT IN THE CIRCLE

A Sussex player taking a shot at goal in the Hockey Match between Kent and Sussex at Kent House, Tulse Hill, last Wednesday. The result was a draw of four goals all after Kent had led at half-time by 2—1

SPORTS AND PASTIMES (continued)

The Root of the Evil

AND what is the root of the evil? I find it in the belief by which so many clubs are obsessed nowadays that nothing else matters but the winning of matches. The desire to win is, of course, laudable enough, but when it amounts to a craving which must be satisfied by hook or by crook it becomes objectionable. In Rugby football winning the game means a lot, but playing the game means a good deal more. Too much importance is attached nowadays to tabulated results, records and so forth, and if the poaching habit is allowed to grow it will become a serious menace to club football which is after all the backbone of a game.

HOCKEY

Cambridge's Strong Side

I HAVE not yet had an opportunity of seeing either of the 'Varsity teams in action, but a friend, who was umpiring in one of Cambridge's recent matches, tells me that they are a very hot side, and likely to improve still further. Their half-back line is a particularly good one, and in H. K. Cassels they have one of the best centres seen at either 'Varsity for some time. Their forwards at present are not working together particularly well, but they are so good individually that the necessary cohesion is likely to come with practice, and then they will be very powerful indeed. The defeat of the Hampstead team (when Cassels proved fully capable of holding the redoubtable Shoveller in check) by five goals to one is a sufficient proof of the strength of the side. Oxford have also a very good team, but at present it would not appear to be as strong as Cambridge, either in attack or defence. However, the 'Varsity match is still a long way off and anything may happen between this and then.

Photograph *Central News*

A MELÉE IN MID-AIR

In the lacrosse match between Middlesex and Essex recently played at Buckhurst Hill. It was the first county match held since the War, and the score was a remarkable one, Middlesex winning by 26 goals to 6

GOLF

A Time-Honoured Rule Gone West

THERE is, at any rate, something symmetrical in the decision of the Royal and Ancient Club that in future the penalty to be suffered by a player who cannot play his ball because (1) it is unplayable, or (2) he has lost

(*Continued on page 490*)

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it, or (3) he has hit it out of bounds, is to be the same in each case; but all the same many golfers will no doubt regret the passing of the good old rule, "Lost ball, lost hole." It had much to recommend it. In the first place the most careless and ignorant golfer having once learnt it never forgot it; in the second it conformed to the fundamental principle of the game which is that having once struck a ball off the tee you must continue playing with that ball and no other or else give up the hole.

Its Chief Recommendation

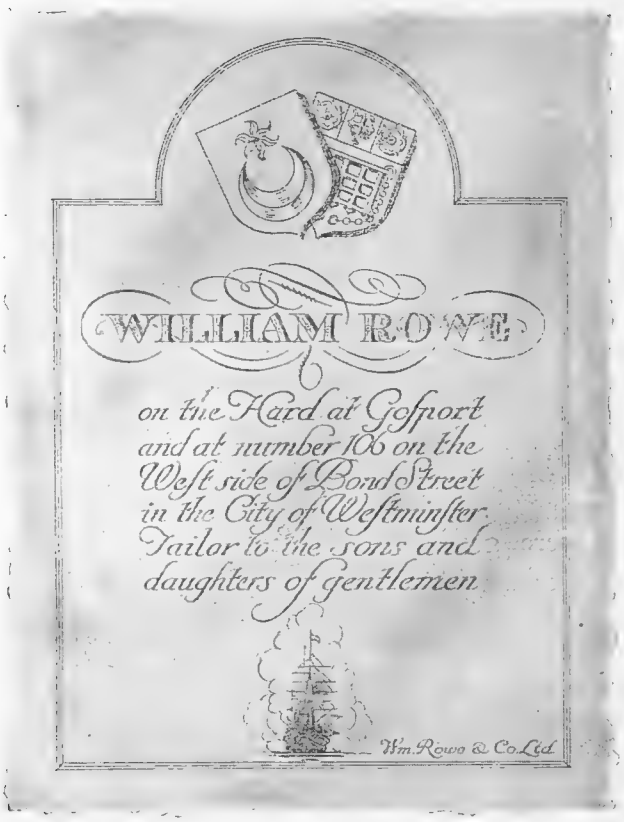
FINALLY—and herein lay its chief recommendation—it was a convenient rule. It was, in fact, ordained principally in order to obviate congestion on a crowded course. A player having lost his ball must give up the hole and stroll to the next tee; thus he did not hold up the players coming after him. When courses were not as crowded as they are in these days I believe that stroke and distance was the penalty for lost ball at the majority of clubs, so that the Royal and Ancient seem, in the case of a lost ball, to have taken a retrograde step, and one that is unsuited to present day conditions.

Photograph **THE JESUS COLLEGE FOUR** *Sport and General*

Winners of the coxswainless fours at Cambridge. They had a great tussle with Third Trinity in the semi-final, but beat King's fairly easily in the final. *Names:* F. V. D. Lee (bow), G. O. Higgins, H. B. Playford, J. A. Campbell (stroke)

What of the Future?

WHEN a player has good reason to believe that he will never find the ball which he has just driven or will find it in an impossible place he will doubtless drive off another—provisionally as it were—with which to carry on provided his belief turns out to be correct. But in cases where he does not do this because he fully expects to find his ball all right, and having gone forward fails in his search, it will surely need some courage on his part to keep the green waiting while he walks back to the tee and drives *de novo*. I rather fancy that lost ball, will still mean, in effect, lost hole to a good many golfers, and particularly to the bad golfers who shrink from being regarded as nuisances by their more expert brethren. H.S.S.



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For Services Rendered

By LAURENCE EASTERBROOK

MAJOR LAWFORD, D.S.O. and demobbed, was "on his uppers." Unfortunately, his position was no uncommon one now that the War is over and his part played in "making the world safe for democracy." For this reason he was eating a cheap and nasty meal in an eating-house off the Strand that was cheaper and nastier still.

"I'm just about done," he said to his companion, James Littlejohn, an ex-Captain of the R.F.A. "For a year I've been looking for a job, ready to take anything from a company promoter to a commissionaire, but it's always the same story. 'What business knowledge have you? Oh, you hadn't started before the War. Since then you've been a soldier? Well, of course, we are very sorry, but you will understand, etc., etc.'—you know all the wretched formula, Jim. At the next march of the unemployed through London I am going to carry it inscribed on a banner."

Littlejohn nodded sympathetically. He had been through the same experience himself until a distant relative had got him a post in an insurance office at £3 a week.

"I've enough of my gratuity left to last me another three weeks," Lawford continued, "and after that, God knows."

During this conversation a dirty, shabby-looking little man had been watching them intently, his ferrety looking little eyes darting from one to the other. At one moment he half rose to his feet, then seemed to change his mind, and sat down again, still keeping his eyes on the two. In a short time Lawford and Littlejohn paid their bill and left—Littlejohn to return to his office, Lawford to his dingy rooms in Bloomsbury, in the threadbare hope of finding something in the mid-day post.

He did not notice that the shabby little man followed him.

Two mornings later Lawford was opening a succession of letters, monotonously similar in tone and full of regrets that there was no vacancy on their staff, when he suddenly stopped short in surprise. In tearing open an envelope a sheaf of £1 notes fell out. Counting them, he found there were fifty. Inside was nothing but a small slip bearing the words "To Major Lawford, for services rendered." The more he stared, the greater his astonishment grew. What services had he rendered, except to his country, and these would never be recognised in this way—it was much too unorthodox and practical. After puzzling his brain the whole morning over it, he gave it up, put them in his pocket, and went out.

At lunch time he met Littlejohn in the same eating-house, and told him of the mysterious occurrence. The shabby little man was again at the next table.

"Can't think where they can have come from," Lawford was saying. "Must have been a mistake. Someone will claim them. Anyhow, I must keep them for a bit to see if they do. But it's the deuce of a temptation to use them myself, just at the moment. I think I had better give them to you, Jim, to look after, before I give way to it."

At this point the shabby little man rose and crossed to Lawford's table.

"Good morning, sir," he said.

The two friends looked up in surprise "Good morning," said Lawford, slowly, "I don't think . . ."

"No, you don't remember me in this kit. We don't 'ave no button parade in my job. Private Bates, sir, 'A' Company."

"'Private Bates?'"

"Lumme, if you don't take the biscuit. Yus, Private Bates, the bloke 'oos life you saved up at Wipers, when you crawled out in broad daylight and brought me in when my two legs was broke."

"Oh, yes," said Lawford, hastily. "How are you doing now?"

"Oh, pretty well." He averted his eyes for a moment. When he again looked at Lawford they were blazing with anger.

"Gawd, you make me sick," he burst out, fiercely. "It's blokes like you wot don't deserve no fairy godmothers at their christenin's. 'Ere are you, down on your luck, and fifty of the best drops out of the skies with your label on them, an' you won't touch them. Calls them 'a temptation'! And all becawse of yer rotten, bloomin' pride!"

"What do you mean?" said Lawford, in turn flushing with anger. "I suppose you have been sitting listening to our conversation. If that is . . ."

"I 'eard wot you was saying," the other interrupted, "but I knew about it long ago. *It was me wot sent them.* It seemed precious little, after wot you done for me. 'Earin' 'ow things was, and trade bein pretty good, it wasn't much to do. Though I 'adn't meant to speak about it if I 'adn't 'eard you talkin' rot about didn't órter take them.' Thank Gawd *I* didn't 'ave your blinkin' pride for a start in life."

"*You*," said Lawford, incredulously, unable to refrain from staring at the dirty and unkempt appearance of the man before him. "*You* sent me fifty pounds? But how . . . what is—is your job?"

"Mine?" Ex-Private Bates gave a hoarse little laugh. "Mine? Oh, I'm a pickpocket."

. . by FRANK R. GREY

PRACTICAL DAIRY-FARMING!

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"Her" Gift.

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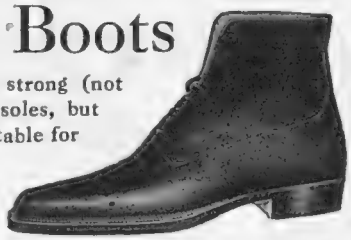

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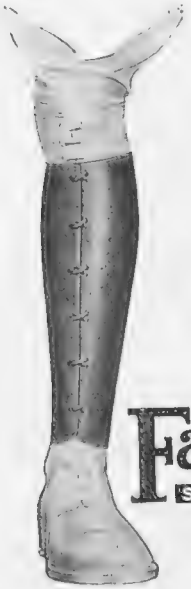

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The Literary Log

Rolled by Ralph Straus

THIS is not a political page. The log-roller, of course, should have no politics at all; he should be mainly concerned with the literary merits of the books he is called on to notice. But in these days political questions are pervading the domains of art to an unprecedented extent. The novelists are not wholly unwilling to use their medium for political propaganda, public life is being canned into memoirs, and even the poets are becoming acutely political. Well, it may be a good thing; politics are not always dull. Mr. J. H. Thomas, for instance, is the reverse of dull in his book, *When Labour Rules* (Collins: 10*s.* net). You may think him almost incredibly optimistic; you may consider it an error of taste (on somebody's part) that a red flag should be waving over the title on his book-cover, particularly in view of the fact that the author's opinion of the Monarchy in Great Britain is in full accord with that of most of his political opponents; you may remember that theory and practice have an unfortunate habit of turning out differently; but you will read his book with great interest and feel perturbed or uplifted, according to your tenets on life in general and your own career in particular.

❀ ❀

THE book is primarily addressed to the man in the street, the respectable, black-coated man who at the present moment expects from Labour nothing but unpleasant alterations in his mode of life. He is, of course, innately conservative, and can visualize only one kind of revolution—the machine-gun kind. And Mr. Thomas's chief purpose is to show such a man how mistaken he is. Whether he will succeed depends, as I have hinted, largely on the temperament of his reader. But he has certainly set out bravely enough on his task, and there cannot be a reader who will not be thinking: If all the leaders of this new party were as moderate and cautious as Mr. Thomas—in spite of the "bogies"; nationalisation and the like—Labour might be better fitted to govern than some of our Ministers believe. *When Labour Rules* is admittedly a presentation of personal views, but it is books of this kind which often pave the smoothest path towards the future.

Photograph *Photo Press*

MR. J. H. THOMAS KICKS OFF UNDER N. U. Rules

Mr. Thomas's book, "When Labour Rules," is reviewed on this page

❀ ❀

ONE of the most extraordinary books I have ever read is Upton Sinclair's *The Brass Check* (Hendersons: 7*s.* 6*d.* net). It is not a novel, though it reads like one of the more sensational kinds. It is a detailed attack on the American Press in general and on America's largest news-distributing agency, the Associated Press, in particular. Its statements are almost unbelievable. But the author of *The Jungle* is writing on oath; he gives chapter and verse, and his book leaves you gasping. Out there, it seems, Big Business is even more of an octopus than some of us thought. The Press, according to Mr. Sinclair, is run for the benefit of Big Business and nothing else. The most dignified "leader" may be nothing more than heavily camouflaged advertisement or Trust-propaganda. Get in Big Business's bad books, as Mr. Sinclair did, and your every action will be distorted to your disadvantage. Your side of the case will never see the light, not even if you hire a dozen lawyers and win a suit for libel.

❀ ❀

A REPORTER may come to interview you and send in a correct report to his office, but it will have to please Big Business or be blue-pencilled out of existence. In this country many rumours and stories about Upton Sinclair have at various times trickled through; and generally, one remembers, they have not been in his favour. A love of publicity has universally been accorded him, but is this true? Is anything that has appeared about him quite true? You begin to doubt it after reading these closely printed pages. It is easy to exaggerate, of course, but when actual documents are put in, when actual names are given, and, so far as we know, no libel action has been brought against him, a book like *The Brass Check*, with its most dramatic autobiographical details, gives you an uncomfortable feeling in your spine. Things, we know well, are not always what they seem, and nowadays a newspaper without a "policy" will not appeal to the great crowds—but if Sinclair speaks true, America is in

THE LITERARY LOG (concluded)

a very bad way. In any case, whether you desire to learn something of which before you were probably in entire ignorance, or whether you are an ardent progressive willing to cross swords with these Trusts which to-day show a tendency to migrate from the States where democracy is being made so "safe," *The Brass Check* deserves to be read. I hear that in America the author, who is obliged to act as his own publisher, has already sold a hundred thousand copies of this book.

⁂ ⁂

THE identity of the Gentleman with the Duster, who has so suddenly loomed large in the public eye, remains, at the moment of writing, unknown. *The Mirrors of Downing Street* (Mills and Boon: 5s. net), upon which his fame rests, is a slim volume of political "portraits" of the sort which is so popular to-day. The writer is obviously "in the know"—to use a vulgar expression—there is no question about that. Little sentences here and there could only be the work of a man accustomed for long years to move in the circles of which he writes. But whether his sole desire was to cleanse our political life is not so certainly proved, for these "portraits" are often one-sided, and in the case of Mr. Balfour, surely unfair. It is easy to criticise politicians, to insist on their petty vanities and trifling peculiarities. It is easy to dub them opportunists because this or that happened when your own desire was for something else. It is, however, not so easy to remember that modern conditions unfortunately demand that politics be a profession first and foremost, and a public duty—if circumstances permit. The Gentleman with the Duster would obviously wish this state of affairs to cease, and here most thinking people would agree with him, but will it be changed, can it possibly be changed, by the publication of vignettes of this kind? R. S.

By ARTHUR WATTS

DOGS AND THEIR OWNERS
No. VI.—THE COLLIE

THE use of the diary seems to be coming again into fashion, and although a minute record of daily happenings is not always necessary, many people like to keep an account of important events. For this purpose nothing better has been devised than Letts' diaries, which are issued by Cassell and Co., Ltd., in various sizes and prices, and several different forms.

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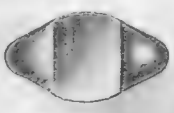
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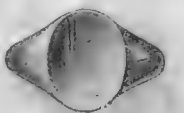
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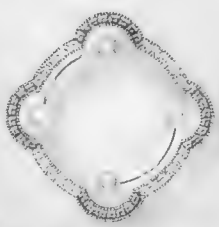
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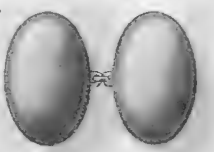
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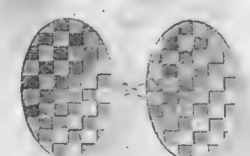
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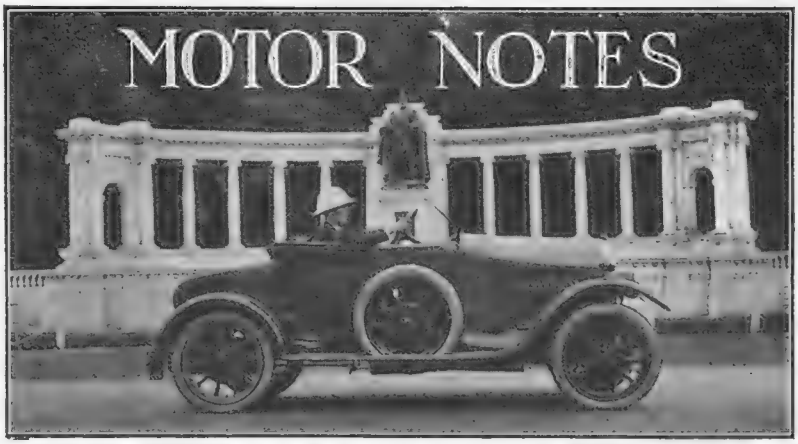

AN 11·9 BEAN CAR IN BURMAH

The King Edward Memorial and entrance to Dalhousie Park, Royal Lakes, Rangoon, is in the background

It is not often that motorists are dejected nowadays, but I do think that, having got rid of the private car shows at the White City and Olympia, it is asking too much to have to start all over again with the two and three-wheelers at Olympia next week. Yet if you want to keep in touch with the world of wheels you can't miss going to see it, as there are so many novelties to be discovered, prices are all over the shop, and if taxes don't come down soon we shall all have to get used to three-wheelers in place of four, and the Cycle and Motor-Cycle Show is the place to find them. Anyway, I am going, and I expect so will everybody who can, but I hope that there will be no disappointments like the car show, for many of the exhibits were missing there that one expected to see, like the Sizaire-Berwick, and new makers cropped up like a swarm of bees that I hope the cold weather did not blight. How all these latter are going to get business is beyond me and I should think they must imagine that half the working population of the country is going to take holidays half the week at double wages in order to provide sufficient buyers to use the goods they offer.

* * *

As for the Sizaire-Berwick factory, I do hope this car will be financially put on its legs again, as we have not too many firms catering for the high-class four-cylinder car market in this country, and their war-work was especially good. At the same time, I wish, when the batch of cars they have the materials all ready to erect are completed, they would change the shape of the radiator, as it is too much a copy of the Rolls-Royce to please me and they are good enough to strike out a distinctive line for themselves. But writing on distinctive appearances, I wonder if any of the exhibitors of the small cars ever have to keep clean and polish the cars they sell themselves.

* * *

I know show finish is expected on such occasions, but the quantity of bright aluminium bonnets, nickel-plated parts, and other bits and pieces that require polishing to look decent was simply appalling to the owner-driver. And the majority of these glittering cars were being boosted by the salesmen as standard in all particulars, polish included. Not for me, sonny, I told a lot of them, you will have to reduce the globe polish pieces to infinity if you want any of my money. The new Sheffield Simplex six-cylinder 50 h.p. chassis gave them all a lead in using non-rusting or stainless steel wherever it was possible, and I hope they all will follow this excellent example, which, by the way, is full of labour-saving devices, such as dry lubricant bearings everywhere where they are not self-oiling.

(Continued on page xiv)

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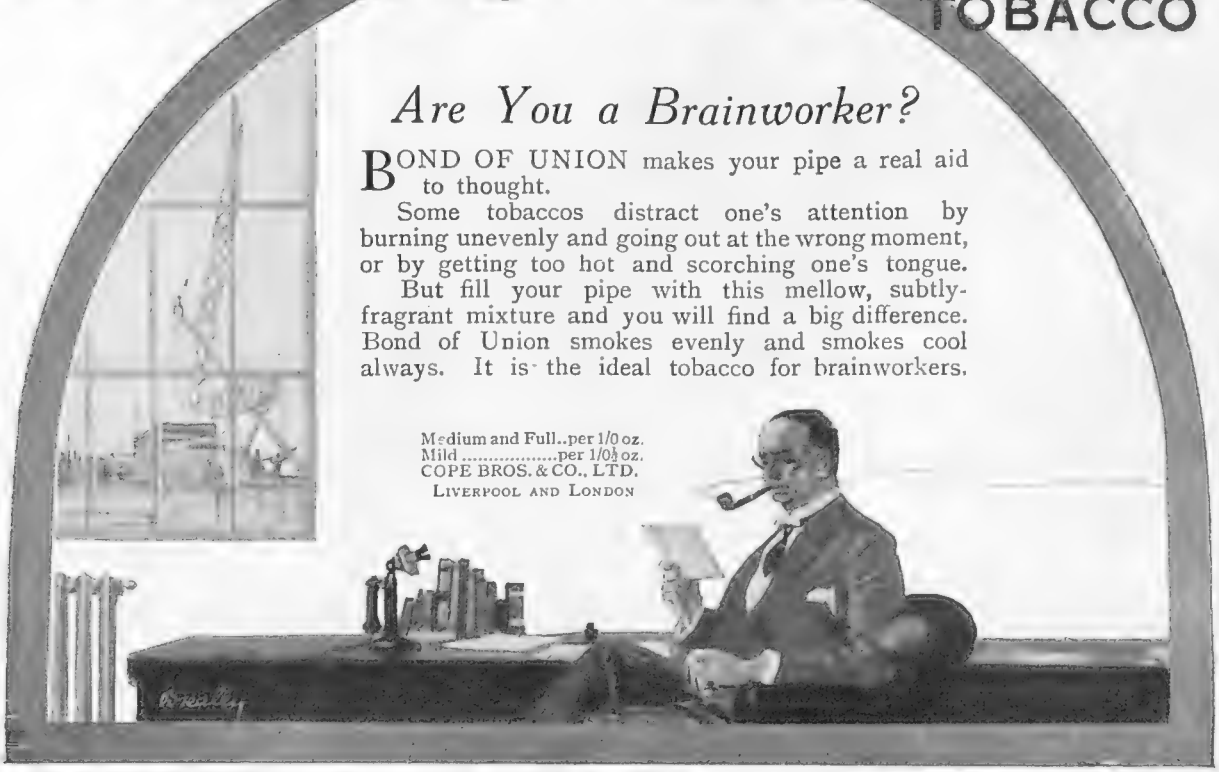

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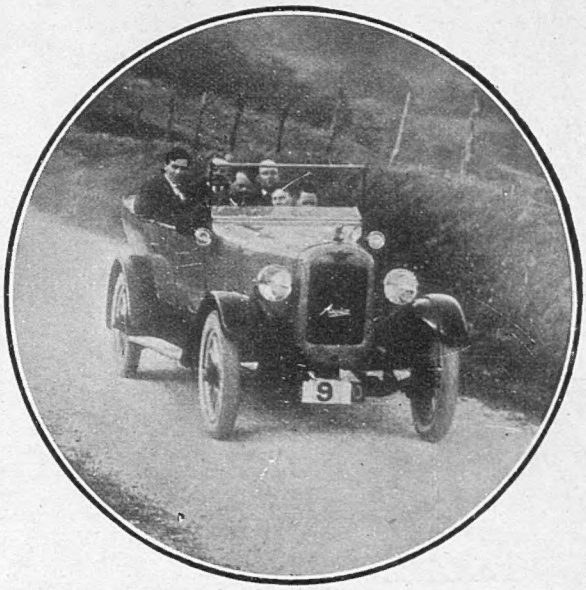
MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

BUT what a lot of small cars there were, both at Olympia and the White City, fifty-four altogether, in different makes, and a dozen of these had two models of different powers, so the choice was wide. I noticed lots of the critics passed scathing remarks on the high-class "tens," because their first cost was between £650 and £800. Poor laddies, they did not realise that older folk want no-trouble cars to use that never want much attention beyond filling up with fuel and oil occasionally. All of the lower-priced ones showed signs in their design and construction that might satisfy the young folk who cry aloud for speed, for stunt hill-climbs, and other such performances, but, my word! will always want their owners to be tinkering around them in the garage, and, worse still, often on the road.

* * *

AGE has its privileges, and usually the means to pay for them, and I would rather encourage the medium-paced small car designed and built like—well, the best car your fancy pictures you—than some of these two and four-cylinder "sporting" perambulators, whose proper place was the Cycle and Motor-Cycle Show and not mixed up with the private motor carriages. I would rather pay £240 for a Ford any day than one of them, if Lizzie did not eat double the petrol, if I had not the spare cash to buy a high-class small car, high-priced as it may seem to the young generation of motorists that have been brought up on motor-cycles.



ON SPREAD-EAGLE HILL, MELBURY

An Austin Twenty car during the course of the Hampshire Automobile Club's hill-climb, in which it took first and second places "on formula"

BUT while on prices, all the rubbish written about slump in cars was properly exposed when the visitor wandered round the motor exhibition. There may be a slump in ready cash, but there is certainly no slump in prices, for there was not a single car shown this year that the exhibitor asked less money for that he did last motor show in 1919. Sunbeams and Napiers were the only ones that asked the same price, and all the others wanted a lot more cash. But I am forgetting Vauxhall in this category, as the 30-98 h.p. has only increased £25, which is not much, but it is the rare exception.

* * *

NOW, considering that at least 20,000 people visited the motor-car exhibition on the opening day excluding the complimentary ticket-holders, and the Government taxation figures show that the 16 h.p. to 26 h.p. cars are the popular size used in Great Britain, all I deduct from the size of the crowd that daily thronged the stands and gangways is that folks are quite willing to pay anything from about £700 up to nearly £2,000, for these were the minimum and maximum prices demanded for this six-guineas tax category. Otherwise I must conclude that the world simply looks upon the motor exhibition as a raree show to gaze upon and worth paying five shillings a time to see.

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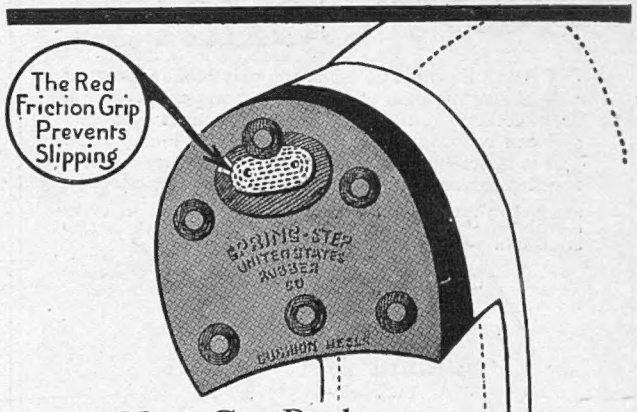

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